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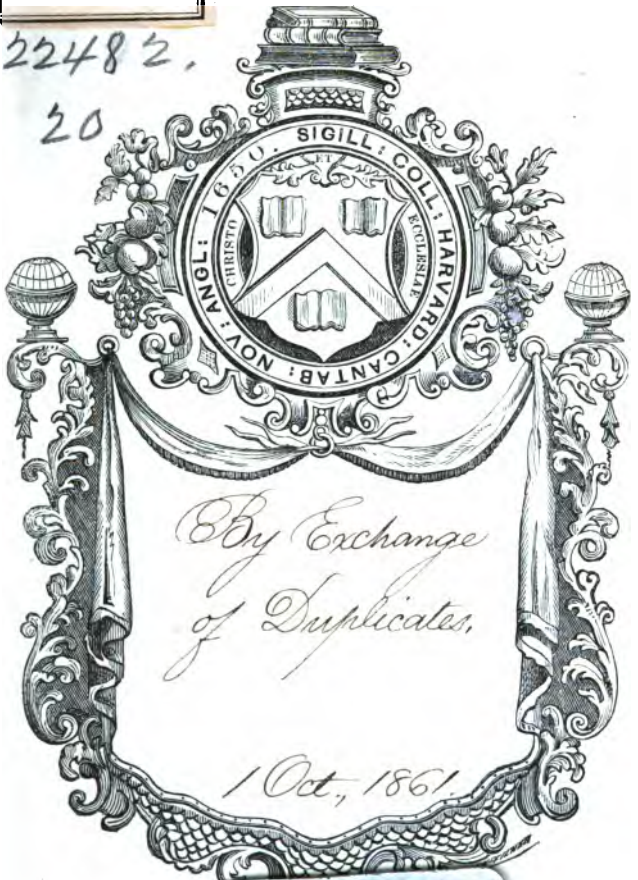

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of Duplicates.

1 Oct., 1861.

TALES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. Eccl. xi. 6.

NEW-YORK:

JOHN S. TAYLOR & Co.

145 Nassau St.

TALES

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS,

CHIEFLY INTENDED

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

BY

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR & CO.
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INTRODUCTION.

TO

J. W. B.

My dear little Nephew, you lately said to me, "Aunt, will you write a small book, that I can understand, and let it be about my Papa."

It is my greatest happiness, my child, to write books that I think you may understand, and from which you may receive instruction; and to write about your Papa I am as much inclined, as you can be to hear of him. He was so very dear to me, that when the Lord, in that awful dispensation, spoke to us, as to the prophet Ezekiel, "Behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes at a stroke," my soul fainted within me; and

I said, I shall go mourning all my days. And now, when I look upon your black dress, and reflect upon him whom you have lost, I can only turn to the Lord, pleading His gracious promises, and saying, "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy." Hear how the mighty God of heaven invites you: He says, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto ME, my father thou art the guide of my youth?" Jer. iii. 4.

You are fond of reading the little book called "The Boat," which I wrote for you, and your sister, and brother. You may there see how dearly I loved your Papa, when he and I were young children. It pleased the Lord to make me the means of saving him from drowning, when he was six years old. The Lord could have preserved him again, when the same danger overtook him last June. He could have commanded deliverance, and plucked your dear Papa from the water, but such was not His will; and His will be done! It *must* be done; "for He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, what doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35. But, He, by

His grace, can enable us to rejoice that His
should be done; and I thank Him, that,
the bitter anguish of that hour when
lamity came upon us, He enabled me
say, "Just and true are thy ways, O King
saints!" I prayed that this affliction mi
sanctified to us all:—humbly trusting that
prayer will be answered, I will now
to tell you, my dear boy, something of
Papa.

He was very beautiful to look on; but
vour is deceitful and beauty is vain."
flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof "
the flower of the field. The grass withereth, th
flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lor
bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass," Isa
xl. 6, 7. Look not on his countenance, or on the
height of his stature; for the Lord seeth not as
man seeth; for man looketh on the outward
appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart,"
1 Sam. xvi. 7. "When thou with rebukes dost
correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty
to consume away like a moth: surely every man
is vanity," Psalm xxxix. 11. Alas! what avails
it now that he was "fair, and of a ruddy counte-

nance?" "His beauty consumes in the grave, from his dwelling."

Your Papa was highly esteemed among men: he was just and honorable, true to his word, and upright in his dealings. He was a brave soldier, and no less gentle than brave; he watched over the men committed to his care, and studied their comfort, and taught them obedience without using severity. He was a most dutiful and affectionate son: as a husband, most faithful, attentive and kind. I never saw a father more attached to his children; and yet, so firm was he in the exercise of parental authority, that not one of you ever dared to disobey him. What he was as a brother, my deep affliction may partly declare: but you know not yet with what sorrows it has pleased the Lord to mark my earthly pilgrimage; and therefore, you cannot judge what was the extent of your Papa's goodness towards me. I cannot speak the half of it: but well may I take up the touching lament of David, and say, "I am distressed for thee, my brother: very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." 2 Sam. ii. 26.

When you read all this, you will be
and say, "Surely my dear Papa is
heaven."

I trust he is, indeed in heaven: I t
Saviour received his precious spirit, w
last struggle for life was over. That,
dying thief, of whom we read in the twen
chapter of St. Luke, he heard the blesse
saying unto him, "This day thou shalt
me in Paradise." Once absent from the
that moment present with the Lord. P
child, if we thought that for any of the
qualities that I have been mentioning, God
give him eternal life, we would greatl
Would it not be sin to accuse the Most H
untruth? The Bible is God's word; an
Bible tells us, that by the deeds of the la
flesh can be justified. God's way of bri
His sons to glory is far otherwise—listen
my dear boy. "God so loved the world
He gave His only begotten Son; that whos
believeth in Him should not perish, but
everlasting life," John iii. 16. These ar
joyful and gracious words of Him who c
lie; and therefore it becomes a matter o

interest to us, to know whether your dear Papa so believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, as to have everlasting life.

When he entered the army, he was very young; and at that time I am sure that he had never so laid these things to heart, as to seek salvation through Jesus Christ. He went to a country where the blessed gospel is not known; where men believe in the Pope, and worship the Virgin Mary, and fear the anger of their priests; but they neither believe in God's holy word, nor worship Him in spirit and in truth, nor fear His wrath, revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men.

In this unhappy country your Papa remained, almost constantly, until you were two years old: and what he heard and saw there, was not likely to bring him acquainted either with himself or the Saviour. At length it pleased God, by His providence, to lead him home to his native land, and to place him where, for two years, he constantly heard the true gospel preached. This told him that he was a sinner, under the judgment of a holy God, condemned to eternal punishment; that he could do no one thing towards

saving himself, but must
and must come to Jesus C
hungry beggar, to receive
hand that help without wh
according to the words o
ed to those who fancied th
thing in them to merit G
thou sayest I am rich, an
and have need of nothi
that thou art wretched, a
and blind, and naked: I
me gold tried in the fire
rich; and white raiment,
clothed, and that the shan
not appear; and anoint th
that thou mayest see." 1

Here, too, he heard of
of constant, fervent pray
ber his remarking to m
struck with a passage in
sermons, which, I trust, v
The words were these:
starving beggar ask for
Did you ever hear a drov
that was prayer?" Litt

another year should pass away, he would himself have known what are the agonies of a drowning man! but I have good reason to hope that, before the hour came upon him, he had been led to seek the salvation which thousands of worlds could not purchase, through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And I am yet more encouraged to entertain this soothing hope, because I find that, upon joining his regiment in the West of Ireland, he was still placed under the ministry of a faithful pastor; one who laboured indeed for souls, as he that must give account to God for every one of those within the reach of his instruction. And he has written to me sweet words of comfort, for he knew your Papa, and saw in him much that gave promise.

The Lord Jesus beautifully describes the gradual improvement of a Christian to the growths of corn,—"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear:" and, though what we were permitted to behold was but as the tender blade, just peeping above the ground, we may greatly rejoice even in that.

Oh! that all who minister in holy things were

rightly impressed with the de
their office! When a pastor
gregation, he knows not but t
sinner, it may be both the first
portunity of hearing those gla
vation, which it is his duty to
an ambassador from Christ; a
he declare not the whole couns
Master! Often have I knee
solitude of my own chamber,
Lord would send some zealous t
my dear brother; and this wa
cheer the man of God, to con
word of exhortation may be p
by the Holy Spirit, to answer
distant suppliant, who seeks
soul then present—one, perha
by name to the preacher, but
pear as his crown of rejoicin
of Jesus Christ, at His comin

The Lord has drawn a th
work of his mighty hand: bu
continually made for your d
who knew the preciousness of
and, when we have earnestl

thankfully acknowledge the tokens which appear of gracious acceptance.

Among several other instances of newly awakened feeling in spiritual things, there is one which particularly delights me; as bearing a strong testimony to the usefulness of that Institution, for which I count it a high privilege to labour; the Society that sends forth religious publications, in vast numbers, over the face of that interesting country, which is now sadly dear to us, as enclosing the mortal remains of your beloved Papa.*

In Ireland, there is an awful conflict between light and darkness—the enemy of souls comes in like a flood; and the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him: even the word of God, which is now finding free course, and being glorified, among those who have too long sat in darkness and the shadow of death, while light is shining around them. I had always hoped that, in the contemplation of these scenes your Papa would be led to a deeper conviction of the unspeakable importance belonging to religion;

* The Religious Tract and Book Society for Ireland.

and that, having experience
gering and thirsting after rig
desire to see the craving of
not disappointed: the Lord
scene well calculated to call fo
and I will relate it in his own
from a letter which he address
of the "Religious Tract and
Ireland."

"Since my arrival here, I
with the eagerness shown by
unfortunate poor, in this mis
country, in acquiring the rud
cation which must ultimately
of the people. Now, the ex
the parents almost prevents the
their children with any book
thus they are left with only su
have thrown in their way. I c
trate what I mean, than by rel
during my last country stroll.

"Passing by one of the mear
skirt of a bog, near this town,
by the noisy din of a childr
scene inside baffles description

children, from the poorest classes, of both sexes, from four to fourteen years of age, were squatted, in single and double ranks, round the room, and under the tables, at which eight or ten (all they could hold) were writing.

"The school master was an intelligent man, and informed me that this was a private school, for both Protestants and Roman Catholics; that he received from two to three shillings a quarter, for teaching each reading, writing, and arithmetic (as far as fractions,) from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. He regretted the small stock of books, which I remarked—not more than one to four or five children—and to my enquiry, of *what* books they read, gave so tardy an answer, that I added, 'Protestants the Bible, and Roman Catholics the Lives of the Saints?' To this he replied, that 'the former read the Testament, and the latter what they could get'—one was actually studying the political state of England in Queen Elizabeth's reign! His manner proved that he *felt* he was a Roman Catholic.* On my ask-

* He appears to mean, that the teacher felt the cruelty of that prohibition, by which his church excludes all her

ing if he had ever re
children, he said no ;
when I promised to gi
to them ; and eagerly
arrive. I understand
here, circumstanced as
prised at finding that n
tered in the neighbourh

He then desires to be
that part of the country
tions : and declares his
them at his own expense
in the habit of providing
such purposes.

My dear little boy, w
very young man, servin
Portugal, I have been to
famine in Lisbon, he used
own scanty allowance of br
pocket, and distribute the g
the poor perishing creatures
terribly in need of a morsel of
ed the benevolence of his natu

followers from the blessed privilege, er
of freely perusing the word of life.

what pleasure he could take in relieving the necessities of others; had he never known the sensation of hunger himself, he could not have felt for those starving people so strongly as to make him undergo a great privation, in order to relieve them in a small degree; and I must think that, if he had not deeply experienced the value and blessedness of religious instruction in his own soul, he would hardly have been so eager to impart it to others, at the sure price of being called by such names of contempt, as an ungodly world is ready to bestow on those who regard the eternal welfare of their fellow-creatures.

These children were very poor, half naked, and badly fed: it was, also, in the depth of winter. To supply them with outward comforts would have appeared, to a worldly mind, far more charitable than to furnish them with books: and the sum which your Papa offered to lay out for them, would have done much towards relieving their bodily wants. His conduct, in so doing, would have been applauded, and his example followed: he had often before done this, and the blessings of them that were ready to

the hearing of that word which maketh wise unto salvation; calling him, and giving him grace to obey the call. Jesus Christ saith, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me," Rev. iii. 20. Suddenly, most suddenly, the Lord came to him: his death was the transaction of a moment. He missed a stroke with his oar, in rowing, and fell: help was so near, that the water could not have had time to suffocate him; but, by spasm or some unseen means, the Lord wrought His decree; and ere the body could be snatched from the water, the soul had returned to Him who made it.

I showed you yesterday, in the church-yard, the graves of many children, not older than yourself, who have been summoned into eternity: and will you not lay to heart the awful lesson which the Lord has given us, in thus taking away your dear Papa? Be assured, my child, that, although very young, you are a sinner in the sight of God. You have done, and said, and thought, many things which you know to be contrary to His holy law; and many

and I can but pray that the Lord himself will speak to your soul, and make you His own child, a true member of that body of which Jesus Christ is the Head—a branch of that vine of which He is the Root—a lamb of that flock of which he is the Shepherd—and an heir of that kingdom which He has purchased for those who love Him.

This book is for you, dear boy; and I desire to thank my God, that He has permitted me to consecrate to His glory the poor talent with which he has entrusted me; and more especially that he has made me the willing servant of those who labour for the diffusion of religious knowledge, where the entrance of his word giveth light among our fellow-subjects, too long shrouded in the thick darkness of ignorance and superstition. Before your dear Papa had been five weeks in Ireland, he became a voluntary helper in the glorious work: and how much of valuable good might be done, if all whose duty, or business may call them to explore the land, would follow his example, furnishing themselves with the means to scatter bread—the bread of life—upon the waters;—among the multitudes

who perish for lack of knowledge.
truly is great, but the labourers are
a cup of cold water given in the n
ciple cannot lose its reward, how r
the recompense of those who zealous
works of God—the recompense of
glorified in the salvation of many s
day when he that soweth, and he
shall rejoice together!

I can truly say that, "out of mu
and anguish of heart, I wrote un
many tears;" but though I go
weeping, I trust, by the rich mercy
that I am commissioned to bear fo
seed of divine truth; and so doing
less come again with rejoicing, b
sheaves with me. And if the Lo
prayer, you my child will be a fait
before Him, a labourer in His vin
pastor in his fold.

CHARLOTTE E

THE

TWO SERV

In the days of Jehoram, k
was a man of God, a prophet
received power from the Lor
wonderful works. He was u
of a "crooked and perverse
Lord his God with all his he
strength. He had that faith
Saviour speaks of, when he
who possesses it, may say t
thou removed, and be thou
and it shall be done. Wh
formed, he did in the name
on his power alone. He ne
thing, but what he knew w

Lord's will, and for his glory. The fame of his extraordinary works soon spread throughout the land of Israel; and in the city of Samaria, where he dwelt, we may suppose that no one could be ignorant of his holiness and great works.

At the time when he lived, the king of Syria, was at war with the king of Israel, and had sent his armies to invade Israel. They took away many of the people captives; and, among others, a little maid, who afterwards was taken to wait, on the wife of Naaman, one of the chief men of the king of Syria. Now this Naaman was a mighty man, a great warrior, and very much in favour with his master, and was, of course, rich and powerful. But there was one thing that interrupted all his happiness; he was a leper. The *leprosy* is a disease which covers the whole body from head to foot, with a white crust: it is loathsome and painful, and, what is worse, cannot be cured by any human physician. Naaman would have been glad, no doubt, to have given half his wealth, or even more, to be relieved from this complaint.

The little maid, who waited on Naaman's wife, had been taken away from her family, her

and her country. She wa
a prisoner, and must have
a very heavy sorrow, more
people of Syria were all idola
God, who was worshipped by
not known among them. But
have been aware that her God was
less in the land of her captivity,
her friends in her own country; and
appears to have ever been set on seekin
in the way in which he delights to hav
—that is by making his goodness kno
fellow-creatures. Instead of rejoicing
saw her master suffering under such a
disease, she pitied him: and she kn
though the idols which he worshipped
nothing for him, yet her God—the Ge
rael, and of all the earth—could he
When she remembered, also, how man
things Elisha had done in the Lord's n
felt an earnest desire that her God migh
rified by the cure of this Syrian; and
she said to Naaman's wife, "Would
lord were with the prophet that is in
and he would recover him of his lepr

have often read the story of this little Israelitish maid; and the more I read it, the more do I admire her example. There is no station in life so lowly, nor is there any situation so humble, that we may not, if we will, glorify God, and promote his honour and praise in it. A poor little helpless girl, taken prisoner, and carried into a foreign land, and there kept as a servant to wait on the wife of her conquerer, might have been tempted to say, "What can I do to serve God? How can I, who want help so much myself, do good to others? If I were in my own country and at liberty, I might be of some use: but, since God has permitted me to be made a poor slave, he cannot expect any thing more from me than that I should quietly submit to my fate." But no, she said no such thing: she, no doubt, continued in prayer to God that he would make her useful and faithful to her mistress, and cause all things to work together for *her* good and *His* glory. The Lord seems to have given her a great knowledge of his mercy, as well as of his power; for though the Syrians were a most ungodly, ignorant, and idolatrous people, yet she did not fear to declare, in plain words, that if

From His bright palace in the skies,
He sees me where I roam;
And soon he'll call on me to rise,
And bid me welcome home.

I have not room in this small book to repeat the whole story; but if you will open your Bible at the 2nd Book of Kings, and 5th chapter, you will there find how the Lord was pleased to confirm the declaration of the little maid, and to show forth his own power; and how he put honor upon his prophet, Elisha, by wonderfully curing Naaman of his leprosy, and compelling him to confess, not only that there was a God in Israel, but that there was no other God in all the world.

It is much to be wished that servants would consider, that, though they may not have opportunities of doing what the little maid did, for their masters or mistresses, yet they have it always in their power to pray for them, and to watch for every occasion of rendering them service. How beautifully the apostle Paul speaks of the duties of servants, in his Epistle to the Colossians, 3d chapter! "Servants, obey in all things your masters, according to the

flesh; not with eye-se
but in singleness of h
whatsoever ye do, do it
and not unto men; kn
ye shall receive the re
for ye serve the Lord
doeth wrong, shall rece
he hath done: and the
sons." And, again, in
hapter, he says: "Ex
nt to their own mas
well in all things; n
oloining, but showin
ey may adorn the
our in all things."
in his first Epistle, 2c
subject to your maste
to the good and gentle
for this is thankworthy
toward God, endure gr
The eye of God is as
servant, as upon the
aud though their dutie
as much obedience to
from the other. The

consists of all who believe,) is compared to the body; Jesus Christ being the head, and Christians the members. By this we learn, that we ought to love and serve each other heartily, as being all members of one body; and also that each of us has some office to fulful. It is the business of the eye to see, of the ear to hear, of the hand to carry, and the foot to walk: and though some members may seem to be more important than others, every one is necessary, and none may be idle! A poor servant, or a little boy or girl, has a place in this world to fill, and must not expect to be excused from doing the duties of that place. In the 24th chapter of Genesis, there is a beautiful story of Abraham's good servant, which I think you would do well to read.

No book whatever contains so many beautiful histories as the Bible; and this of which the history of the little maid is a part, is one of the most interesting in it. But as it begins with a story of a truly honest and faithful servant, it ends with the account of one so very different, that we must now notice that also. Gehazi, for this was the name of the other ser-

vant, was the attendant of Elisha; he had li
with him for some time, and had been an e
witness of those mighty works, of which t
little maid had probably only heard the repo
Elisha put some confidence in him; but G
hazi had the same evil disposition that ruine
Judas Iscariot—he was covetous. He had see
Elisha refuse the rich presents that Naama
offered him, when he found himself cured. El
sha refused them for the honour of his God
and did it too with much solemnity, in Hi
holy name. He said, "As the Lord liveth be
fore whom I stand, I will receive nothing."

Naaman having attended to the request of th
little maid, and having through Elisha's mean
been cured of his leprosy, had left that prophe
to return to Syria: but Gehazi was greatly dis
pleased that he should be suffered to carry o
the fine things which he had been so willing t
give to Elisha, but which he had refused. Hav
ing permitted this covetous thought to arise, h
ran after him, to get something for himself. Se
how one sin leads to another! Gehazi very wel
knew the commandment which says, "Thou
shalt not covet; but he thought little of break

ing one commandment. Having broken this, he adds another crime—he tells a lie! but even that was not all; he slandered his good master Elisha, by making him appear as one who repented of having been too generous. Nay, he made it seem that his master had taken the Lord's name in vain, and sworn falsely when he swore to accept nothing from Naaman. And to complete the catalogue of his crimes, all this was done under the mask of religion! He pretended that it was on account of two sons of the prophets, who were holy men, and who had unexpectedly called upon Elisha. Do you think that Gehazi intended to commit all these dreadful sins, when he resolved to run after Naaman?—Probably not; but he consented to break one of God's commandments; to listen to Satan's advice in one instance; and when he did that, he opened a door for every kind of wickedness. God has placed a guard against sin in His holy law; and when you willingly break that in the smallest degree, it prepares a way for the commission of the greatest crimes. Well, Naaman gave Gehazi twice as much as he asked for; and away went this wicked servant with his unjust gains,

them in a safe place; an
to the house, and stood wit
before the master whom h
But how his heart mu
the man of God fixed his
with the question, "Whence
Gehazi?" In order to conceal wha
another lie.—"
he must now tell
went no whither;" as if he had bee
or about his lawful work all the time
Lord's eye was upon him; He had m
to Elisha what had passed: and comm
to pronounce the dreadful sentence upon
That the leprosy of Naaman should
him, and to his children for ever. And
showed that the punishment was from
as soon as the words were uttered, Geha
out from the presence of Elisha, a leper
as snow. What an awful warning to
sinners of every description! How
was the conduct of Naaman's servants.
he refused to follow the prophet's direct
was going away in a rage, they drew
in the most humble and respectful man
soned with him, and prevailed on him

he was commanded; and they had their reward, in seeing him come out of Jordan with his "skin like the skin of a little child," and knowing that their own affection and fidelity had succeeded in persuading him to employ the means by which he had been cured. And do you not think that the kind heart of the little captive maid must have been filled with joy, when Naaman alighted from his chariot at his own door, no longer a loathsome leper, but a healthy looking man? And what must have been her feelings when she heard him and all his family declaring the praises of her God, and saw an altar built to his name in a heathen land; and, I dare say, she found many tongues ready to join her in exclaiming, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." And here I cannot help saying a few words, on the sad state of the nations that are in darkness and the shadow of death at this day. There are many such; there are millions of immortal souls, now on earth, who are under the wrath of God for the great sins which they daily commit, and who never heard of Jesus Christ the only Saviour of sinners, but depend on idols of wood and stone, the work

of their
can the
ment ?
pious me
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sus Chri
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repentan
joyful sig
ing arou
their ido
the easy
to their s
conscien
hereafter
of mercy
to save e
then for
harvest. c
to the ha
name's s
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their condition, and how opposite are their feelings from those of the ungodly! None but those who have felt the dreadful power of the wrath of God, can conceive how terrible it is. The thief, the liar, the drunkard, the blasphemer, will not allow themselves to look upon the daring guilt of their own sins; and they flatter themselves that God is equally blind to them. But they shall know, and bewail for ever (unless they repent,) that His eyes search, and His eyelids try the children of men; and that nothing can escape him.

Should any little children read this book, perhaps they would like to get by heart the following hymn:

Though midnight darkness veil the skies,
And hide me from all human eyes,
Yet, Lord, THY piercing gaze can dart
Through all, and see my inmost heart.

Though earth and sea combine to spread
A shelter for the sinner's head,
They cannot stay the vengeful rod,
Nor screen him from the wrath of God.

I cannot 'scape Thy searching eye;
Then, Lord, examine me, and try;

THE TWO SER

Pluck out whate'er offe
And make me what I ou

O, let not one permitted
Lurk my deceitful heart
Safe in Thy paths my fo
And hold me, that I may

It is probable that you
person covered with a lepro
but you meet with many tai
far more dreadful than his;
ed with it yourself. The
peak is sin. If you have
at you are, by nature, in
e far from God, and deba
e gates of heaven, as the
forbidden to appear in the
rael; and if you have not,
wash in the fountain opened
ness, that you might be cle
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sin is a worse disease than
affects the body: *that* will
body does, and expire with
to the soul; and, if not wa
life, it never will depart fro

the invisible world with it, and drag it down to the place of everlasting punishment. You may remember that, in the 8th chapter of St. Matthew, it is recorded how a poor leper came to Our Lord Jesus, and, kneeling down, said, "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Our Lord's answer was, "I will; be thou clean;" and immediately his leprosy was cleansed. This is a glorious proof of the power of Christ; and a delightful encouragement to poor, sinful creatures, who are enabled to see the disease that is upon them, and to know that they cannot help themselves, nor obtain assistance from man, to go to him for relief. "The Lord hath laid help upon one that is mighty." Jesus of Nazereth has power to forgive sins; and those who believe in the full and perfect atonement which he has offered for the sins of the world, he will cure of every leprous stain, and enable to follow his most blessed example, being holy as he is holy, and zealous of good works.

Naaman the Syrian was greatly displeased when commanded to use so simple a remedy as washing in the river Jordan. He thought if washing could cleanse him, he might as well

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This reminds me of
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conduct, he "sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died." But, upon their repentance, God bade Moses make a serpent of brass, and set it on a pole; "and it came to pass, that, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." Who would believe that looking at a brazen serpent would cure a mortal wound? Yet God decreed it; and all who depended on his word were cured. Our Lord Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish but have eternal life." It was not merely *looking* at the serpent, but *believing* that God had made this a means of cure that saved the people. And so it is with respect to our Lord. Many looked at him when he hung on the cross, and many to this day look at images and pictures of him, who will never be the better for it. It is not seeing with the eyes, but believing with the heart that is meant in the encouraging invitation "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth." God, not man, appoints the way in

which the soul is to be healed; and, if
pend on man rather than God, we shal
cause to lament our folly, in neglecting th
sel of him who has said, "Cease ye fro
whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherei
to be accounted of?"

Well, Naaman was content to wash i
dan, and you find that his disorder was c
no other means could effect it. He wa
suaded to try; and he not only got rid
frightful leprosy, but his skin came unt
again, as the skin of a little child. J
must we become as little children, bef
can enter the kingdom of heaven; and
heart and spirit must be given us, as p
as clean as Naaman's new skin. Nothin
world can do this but the power of
Neither is there salvation in any othe
there is none other name under heav
among men, whereby we must be save
The history of Naaman is am
Scriptures "given by inspiration of
is profitable for doctrine, for reproo
rection, for instruction in righteousn
may it prove so to you, dear reade

you to reflect on your state, and to enter on the way that leads to your eternal salvation! The Lord often works by the most unlikely means, to produce surprising effects, and gives us his blessings in the disguise of afflictions. Who would have thought that when the little maid was carried away captive, and torn from her sweet home, her dear friends, and all that she loved, and made a servant in a foreign land, it was that she might become the instrument of a signal mercy to the great general of the King of Assyria; of sending him into the land of Israel as a supplicant to the prophet of that God whom he knew not, and through him to make known the great and glorious Jehovah, the God of Israel, among the Syrian people; even compelling Naaman to declare there was no other God in the world but him?

We find that Naaman, meaning to build an altar to the Lord, asked for some of the earth of Israel of which to make it. I have often been astonished to see people regarding one thing as more holy than another which was just like it—whether it was a day, or any thing else. Indeed, there is one day that I should

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alone is safe whose hope is
tion of our faith, the Roc
Christ, the same yesterda
ever."

Wherefore should I mourning go
Through the darksome vale of woe,
All without me, and within,
Leprous from the taints of sin?

I have heard of one who stands
Stretching forth his willing hands:
None e'er cried to Him in vain;
He will cleanse from ev'ry stain.

Jesus, see my pain and guilt;
Thou cans't heal me, if thou wilt.
Say, "I will," and raise thy hand:
All shall flee at thy command.

Sin and sorrow, pain and fear,
All shall flee, if Thou draw near;
I believe—assuage my grief,
Lord, and help my unbelief.

Let me, then, beseech those who read these pages—who are, like all others, polluted by sin, to apply to Jesus Christ, that they may be cleansed from all iniquity through his most precious blood; and to lift up their hearts to God in earnest prayer, for deliverance from its power and defilement.

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to his Heavenly Father, with prayer and thanksgiving, the requests of his heart. This man had travelled with ten camels, well laden, who now bent their knees, upon the soft cool grass, and rested after the fatigue of a long journey.

The camel is a beast of burden frequently mentioned in Scripture, wonderfully adapted for the service of man in the sandy plains and parched deserts of Asia, being capable of great fatigue, and of travelling for a length of time without a supply of food. Docile and sagacious, he kneels to receive upon his lofty back the allotted burden, and in the same posture takes his repose. This is a beautiful emblem of the pious soul, whose attitude, whether preparing for his Master's work, or resting in His love, is still that of prayer. The camels now reclining near the city of Nahor belonged to Abraham, and their attendant was the Steward of his house, the faithful servant to whose charge Abraham committed all his worldly goods; and who would also have been the heir of great possessions, had not the Lord blessed his master, in his old age with a son.

Abraham had been an idola
an idolatrous people, until th
blessed him, and commanded
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dwell in the land of Cana
Abraham had not there any
ground as he could set the so
God promised to give to him
as a possession forever.

Thus it is, that the sinner, l
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nor seeking after God, is cal
His mercy in the Gospel, p
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The people of Canaan we
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visit them for their sins,
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selves; and he, since they were the enemies of the Lord, resolved to form no alliance with them. Isaac, Abrahams' son, was now old enough to be settled in life as the master of a family; and his pious father desired to prevent his marrying a Canaanitish woman, by finding a wife for him among his own kindred.

Abraham informed his faithful servant of his wish, and intrusted him with the task of choosing a fit partner for Isaac, and bringing her home to him; but as he could not be sure that she would agree to leave her country and friends with a stranger, the servant inquired whether, in that case, Isaac should go back to marry, and dwell among the people whom his father had left? To this Abraham would not consent. He charged his servant by no means to bring Isaac again to that land: and added, that the Lord, who had called him, and promised to give the whole of Canaan to his posterity, would go before the messenger, and grant success to his embassy.

The Christian, while endeavouring to persuade his former companions to walk in the same safe but narrow path that he has been led into, may meet with many temptations to return again to

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God looketh upon

from Him; and he alone could rightly direct the important choice.

The prayer of this good servant is so simple and beautiful, that we cannot do better than give it in the words of the Bible; "O Lord, God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she that Thou hast appointed for Thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that Thou hast shown kindness unto my master." Gen. xxiv. 12—14.

There are things which demand particular notice in this prayer: the first is, the servant's great faith in the mercy of God, and the reliance which he placed on the fulfilment of the Divine promise towards his master. He knew that wonderful things had been declared unto Abraham, who was distinguished as the father of many nations, the first of the Jews, the most ex-

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among the nations, and smarting for eighteen hundred years under the rod of God's wrath, would follow the example of Abraham's servant, and use the golden key of prayer to open that treasury of mercies, which the stubbornness of their rebellious hearts still keeps closed against them!

Israel! before thy Saviour bend,
Take to thee words and humbly pray:
Turn to the Lord, and He shall rend
The veil of unbelief away.
O wherefore wilt thou sit forlorn,
The world's reproach, the Gentile's scorn,
While countless blessings rich and free
Are heaped in dazzling store for thee?

Now plead the promises divine,
Ye chosen race of royal birth;
Give Him no rest till Zion shine
A praise throughout the wond'ring earth.
The God of Abraham still His name,
His high memorial yet the same;
Ev'n now, as in the days of old,
The Shepherd of a ransom'd fold.

Though from His way thy steps have err'd;
Thy heart though hardened from His fear;
Unchang'd is the eternal word,
The Lord will thy petitions hear,

For Him thy sins have pierc
And He will bind where he
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of his name and kingdom?

faithful servants must give an account to God of all their sins and will not be excused for the least of their faults and negligences by the unrighteousness of their superiors; but masters will share in the condemnation of those whom their bad example and cruel carelessness have led into transgression, or continue in it, by never reminding them that the wages of sin is death; and that, if one go beyond or defraud another in any matter, God will show himself the avenger of all such. From the highest to the lowest, there is but one effectual check found to restrain the sinful propensities of the human heart, and that is, the Word of God applied to it by the Holy Spirit. Now, if you do not read the Scriptures to your household, and assemble them in daily prayer, what can you expect but that sin will continually break in upon your abode? Like the furious waves, which may sweep away the strongest bulwarks that the art of man can frame, but are not able, with all their tossing and raging, to pass over the barrier which the hand of God has planted in the sand of the sea-shore.

The last observation we will make on this

prayer is, the token
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ed wife of Isaac.
asked her for water,
his camels also.

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all the rest visible to us, and so soft, as to enable us to look upon them. How could such guilty creatures endure the display of His justice, if his mercy did not interpose. Would not His majesty and might terrify the weak and wretched offspring of the dust, if his mercy did not engage them for our advantage and support? The angels who sinned, and who are left to suffer in chains and darkness forever, may naturally desire to involve others in their own destruction —devils cannot be otherwise than cruel; but that we, who know that God has given his own Son to suffer and to die for us all, and that the heaven from which those angels are eternally banished is, through His blood, opened to the children of men, that *we* should delight in tormenting the poor helpless brutes beneath our care, or leave their little wants unsupplied, is so shocking, so unlike the mind which was in Christ Jesus, that, when we behold such conduct, we may well tremble for those who are guilty of it, and fear they are still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; and then let us address the Lord in words like the following:—

THE FAITHFUL S

Lord, whose truth and goo
Thou, whose tender me
Everlasting and divine,
Over all thy works belo
Hear, while to the conscio
Loud thy creatures' groan

Thou, O Lord, to man ha
This thy lower world t
Beasts of earth, and fowl
Fish that in the waters
Forms that creep, and gli
Yield to his supremacy.

While in righteousness h
Man a gentle rule mai
All was peaceful, fair, an
Till by his trangression
Ruined them by Adam's
One destruction swept o'e

Soften, Lord, the stony he
Teach the cruel mind to
Man, who caused the crea
Should with kind compa
Nor for pleasure, pride, or
Cloud its little span with

Though the poor and help
Breathe no voice that m
Secret wailings, from the
Enter thy Almighty ea

Every tortured form we see,
Tells its tale of woe to thee.

If the merciful be blest,
Richer mercy to obtain,
Never shall the cruel breast
Boast that awful threat was vain—
Who compassion hath not shown,
Shall of judgment taste alone.——

Haste, the precious word fulfil,
Speed the times of peace and joy,
When, upon thy holy hill,
None shall hurt, and none destroy;
Bid all living creatures raise
One rejoicing note of praise.

The prayer of Eliezer was most remarkably answered; the sign which he required was granted; the damsel to whom he spoke, not only willingly gave him to drink, but proceeded to draw water for his camels also; and, upon further inquiry, he found that she belonged to the very family from which Abraham desired to take a wife for his son.

Upon discovering all this, Eliezer bowed his head and worshipped. Unlike those who pray for blessings, and then forget from whence they

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things which ye hear, and have not heard them." These prophets and righteous men believed in a Saviour who was to come, as the seed of the woman that should bruise the serpent's head: and the descendant of Abraham, in whom all nations of the earth should be blessed. They felt their own exceeding sinfulness, and knew that, without some atonement, they could never be admitted into the presence of God. But how ignorant was the greatest and wisest among them, compared with the poorest child in our day, who has the Bible, and can read it! In that blessed book we learn the whole history of our sin, and the Lord's mercy. We are told how mankind became corrupt and abominable in His sight, by following the evil counsel of Satan, and disobeying the most high God. We are shown how, by the evil of our hearts, and the temptations of the enemy, we not only continue in sin, but become worse and worse, adding every day of our lives to the dreadful charge against us, by evil deeds, and idle words, and sinful thoughts; by neglecting the laws and the worship of God, and wearying the Lord with our iniquities. We are assured that in this

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Sin, of which the world th
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fools make a mock of it, he wh
for his guide dreads and shun
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accused of folly, for choosing
rather than man, the Bible suppor

ages him in the thorny path of duty, by setting before him the end of these things, and convincing him that he would be nothing profited by gaining the whole world, if he lost his own soul.

Now if, with all these helps before us in the written word of God, we be found indifferent concerning it, and negligent of our duties, shall not the servant of Abraham rise up in the judgment against us to condem us? He had but very little light, indeed, compared with what we enjoy, yet how wisely, how circumspectly, how unblameably he walked. If we call ourselves believers, and say we love God, yet fail to study his will for the purpose of doing it, we insult *Him, and* disgrace his service by our empty *professions.* Our Lord most expressly declares, that no one can see the kingdom of heaven unless he *be born* again. This regeneration is a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness: the careless sinner, therefore, or the neglecter of God's word, cannot be a regenerated person; and, not being so, whatever he or others may think of the safety of his state, he is but one of the lifeless branches, condemned to be cut off and burned. *Yet the* Spirit of God can quicken him now: the *wither-*

ed tree may revive, and the soul,
passes and sins, awake to righteous
faith in Christ Jesus, who hath li
and can impart it to whom He will

In the twenty-fourth chapter of
will find the story of Abraham's
how happily he succeeded in prev
becca to become the wife of Isaa
to whom he so humbly committed
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as her own, to fulfil the wish of
was not disappointed in his confi
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whom he knew, that whatsoever
ed He was able to perform.

The hills shall remove, and the mount
And earth, like a cottage, be swept
But worlds cannot wrest from the san
The covenant promise of kindness

The lightning may burst, and the thu
No tempest can startle the dove fro
The Christian, though darkness be s
Has light in his dwelling, and ligh

Then fear not, believer, though, mixed with the throng,
Their scorn and derision thy portion may be;
Make this thy support as thou passest along,
The Lord thy Redeemer hath mercy on thee.

The Lord is at hand—be thou careful no more;
Repent thee, be faithful, be watchful, and pray:
Soon, soon shall the moment of conflict be o'er,
And sorrow and sighing will vanish away.

and subscriptions assisting the good work, that others are carrying on in this way—yet a great number remain without the benefit that books can impart, and know little or nothing of their several duties in life. This is the case with grown-up people too; and sometimes, when they are reproved for their indolence, or other bad habits, they will answer that they have no learning, and cannot be supposed to know as much as those who can read. A very bad excuse, certainly: for are not there places of worship continually open on the Sabbath day, where the poorest and most ignorant may be made rich in faith, and wise unto salvation, through the Word of God, which is read there, and the teaching of faithful ministers? And are there not schools for the especial instruction of grown persons? The poor Heathen may well complain of his ignorance; but, in a Christian land, it is shocking that any one should willingly remain in darkness while the light of truth shines, the gospel is preached, and God commands us to give heed to it.

There is another sort of instruction, however which the Lord is pleased to place so continually

before our eyes, that person
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David and Solomon, and the
men whose writings were i
Ghost, frequently take noti
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David loved to consider t
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the 104th Psalm, we have
of this wonderful creation
hand of the Lord.

Solomon, in his admirab
says, "Go to the ant, th
her ways and be wise; whi
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summer, and gathereth her

What we call nature, that
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er, wisdom, and goodness, is
pictures, in which every one n
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Among the sweet things c

large book, let us make choice of a very little creature, and inquire what it is calculated to teach us. The bee is a small insect, without reason or knowledge, a fly that just lives and moves about for a while, and then perishes for ever; but the whole of its short life is a continued lesson to us; and we will consider how we may best make use of it.

The bee has a wonderful instinct. By instinct, we mean that feeling which inclines an animal to do what is right for its preservation or comfort, without its being able to understand *why* it ought to do so, and without being taught. How much more precious a thing is reason, which we are endowed with, than the finest instinct of animals! yet very few of us make half so good or constant a use of our reason, as the brutes do of their instinct. The Lord has been pleased to design, that the bee should furnish a great quantity of a very rich and wholesome nourishment for its own and for our use. Honey is very frequently mentioned in Scripture; and of such value was it considered, that the distinguishing character of Canaan (the good land which God chose for his own people, Israel, and which is a

ge of heaven itself) was, "A land
n milk and honey." Flowers, that
the eye by their lovely colours, and
smell by their fragrance, are the onl
from which the bee can form its sto
In a wild state, the bees make
the hollows of rocks and trees; an
them in the cavities of old walls
but those who keep bees, in order
by their honey, put them into
straw, for their habitation. No
the bee settled in the hive, than
it sets about fulfilling its work
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work, to lay in a store of pr

ter, while it is yet very far distant; and the bee cannot reason, as you can, on the value of time, nor understand, that, if life continues, days of helplessness and sadness must come: days when the flowers shall have withered, the ground shall be covered with snow, and no possible way shall exist of getting a supply, if it be neglected while spring and summer last. Yet this instinct bids it work, and it works with all its little might. You can well understand what you are told, both by your teachers, and by your own reason and conscience, that the spring and summer of your life will soon be gone, and that age (should you live to be old), like a dreary winter, will soon arrive; and that death, in the end, will shut you up in the dark tomb. Beyond the tomb, you must exist for ever upon what you have provided in this world—whether, with the blessed, you have "laid up for yourselves treasures in heaven," or, with the wicked, "Treasured up unto yourselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Knowing this, not pretending to doubt it, only compare your sad and wicked carelessness, with the diligence and activity

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your memory as a most precious store, to be applied on every needful occasion.

Surely the busy bee must enjoy very much the warm beams of the sun, and the fragrance of the flowers, and the freshness of the soft air; and it is sweet to hear its pretty humming noise. I am convinced that, if you look attentively at both, you will say that a bee is a more useful and active insect than a butterfly, though they may be roving among the same flowers at the same time. There is something restless and unmeaning in the motions of a butterfly. I could almost fancy it is only reposing on the flowers for me to admire its beautiful wings. It reminds me of those who do, indeed, study the Bible and other books, but merely to get credit among men, and to show their cleverness; not to derive any real benefit from them; and you see the consequence—the butterfly builds no house, lays up no store for the winter, and therefore as soon as the warm days end, it falls down and dies under the cold breeze.

But how different it is with our little friend, the bee! how wise and discerning is this insect! you may put an artificial flower, made of paper

rden, and the butterfly
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tentedly—but not a moment
ment to stay, for there is no h
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this creature has in view; what yi
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ly-looking shrub, whence it can extra
food.

How foolish are they who suppose t
life, passed among gay sights and trifl
ments, is happier than that which is d
piety and useful knowledge! will you
the BEE is a melancholy creature?—
and attend but a moment, as she nes
sweet blossom, and springs away with
sure, to alight on the leaves of anoth
and bury her little head in it, and aw
with her bright wings glittering in the
Poor children, you who think religio
and pity others for being kept so stri
fancy it, I wish you knew how mu
they are than yourselves! What are
expensive toys, your showy dresses,

well-gilt books of fairy tales, and foolish stories, but so many paper roses, that may be pretty enough to look at, but can never yield any nourishment to your minds, nor give you materials for an eternal store? I do not say that you should do nothing but work and study; but I do say that you cannot be happy here, nor blessed hereafter, if you make no better use of your valuable time and opportunities, than to gratify your own inclinations, and to obtain the admiration of your fellow creatures, for things that a butterfly, perhaps, may excel you in—or in which, at least, if you be clever and well read a wise heathen may put you quite to shame by his superior knowledge.

You are Christian children in name, and, if you be so in reality, you must do "such good works as God hath afore prepared that we should walk in them," both old and young.

But we have not yet done with the bee.—You will hardly believe that these little insects have a monarch in every hive, a queen, to whom they pay the most devoted obedience: they work for her, feed her, take the tenderest care of her young, will fight and die in her defence. If you

rob them of their queen, you reduce them to despair—if you take her away, you may lead the whole swarm with you, wherever you please—they will follow, and nothing but death puts an end to their loyal attachment.

Here is a beautiful example of submission to parents and teachers, and all that are put in authority over young people, as well as of obedience to the king and the laws! A country disturbed by evil and rebellious spirits, a family of unruly servants and children, or a school where the voice of the teacher is disregarded, and noise and disorder prevail, must be put to shame by a peep into a common bee-hive. We are told in Scripture, that God is not the author of confusion, but of peace; and all scenes of disorder and disturbance must be extremely displeasing to him. Think of the hundreds of bees that inhabit one hive, and how they are crowded together; their delicate cells in the honey-comb being scarcely divided from each other, and only one small entrance to the habitation, where the comers and goers must certainly meet, and be in danger of disputing the passage—yet who ever hears the little creatures quarrelling, or sees them

fighting, or disturbing one another at their employment?

Among them, all is order and harmony: they very well exemplify that excellent rule, "A place for everything, and every thing in its place." And so obliging are they in accommodating and assisting each other, that here again you may find a good example in their conduct.

There is no true happiness without concord: "A house divided against itself cannot stand"—"If ye bite and devour one another, take heed lest ye be consumed one of another." While we submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, let us bear one another's burdens, and be helpers together in faith, love, and good works.

But we have one Sovereign, who has claims on us of a stronger kind than any earthly friend or ruler can have; even the Lord Jesus Christ; who is the head of His Church, and the king of His people. Who shall tell the exceeding riches of His love, in coming among us to suffer, and to die for guilty sinners? Who shall express the noble acts of the Lord, or show forth all His praise? We are bound to present unto

Him ourselves, our souls and bodies, as a rea-
sonable, holy, and lively sacrifice, which he will
deign to accept, if we yield ourselves freely to
His rule and guidance; but even here, alas! how
shall we bear a comparison with the poor little
bee, and its insect monarch! Do we show such
devotedness to our Lord? do we work and study
for opportunities of doing Him service? do we
deprive ourselves of any indulgence to feed his
poor members, and to assist in distributing the
bread of life among His flock; both those al-
ready brought to the fold, and those who are as
yet wandering without a shepherd? Are we
willing, if called on, not only to part with our
substance, but to hazard our lives in his cause
—preferring death to sin?

Is the thought of being separated from His
love, to us, the most insupportable of fears: and
are we always content to follow where His word
leads us, though the whole world of the ungodly
opposed us, endeavouring to drive or to draw us
from the path of duty? In all these things the
bee may show us what real love and loyalty ar
capable of: and if we fall short of such a pa
tern, what excuse can we make? This is a ve

serious inquiry, and one at which we ought to pause. We know our duty; and we also know that by neglecting it, we draw down the wrath of the Most High upon us. We feel ourselves continually turning aside from the way of holiness, because our natures are evil, and Satan tempts us to transgress: but greater is He that is for us, than that which be against us, and if we fall, or quit the straight path, it is because we do not watch, pray, and seek for the help He is so ready to bestow. God teaches the bee to choose the flower that contains honey, and to make a right use of what it finds there: and shall he not also teach us, if, like the bee, we fulfil his will?

God has made this promise to His believing children, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." This is the voice of the Holy Spirit, who instructs those that humbly depend on His teaching, warning them from sin, and encouraging them to holiness. Many good works you have it in your power to do, if your hearts are so inclined: there is much treasure for you to

gather, and many may be made
things by your labour—not only f
God but from all his works, and fr
that surrounds you, may you der
and impart it to others: to do
ever pray for grace to improve
watch for opportunities of carryi
wishes into effect. The flower l
ness, though the bee loads herself f
and so it is with what I am reco
you. The riches of God's word a
inexhaustible; they will be alway
new to you every time, when you
ther the good with which they abo
The bee does not, because it was
trious yesterday, neglect to work
feast on what it has got—no, it kno
of time too well; and improves eve
The counsel given to us in Sc
"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to d
thy might; for there is no work, no
knowledge, nor wisdom, in the gr
thou goest." The poor bee labour
mer, that it may, in the winter, eat
its industry; but we rob it of its sw

far too often are the harmless creatures put to death at the same time, losing all that they have so toiled to lay up. With the diligent Christian this never can be the case: for thieves cannot break through nor steal the treasure which is reserved in heaven for him; and death itself is but the entrance to his eternal inheritance.

Let me hope that a bee will never cross the path of my young readers, without awakening a serious thought on the lesson which God has fitted it to teach: and may we all be found with equal diligence and steadiness, occupying the stations assigned us by His Almighty wisdom and everlasting love!

Hark to the busy hum that swells
And murmurs through the waxen cells;
The flowers are fragrant, bright the sun,
And now the mornings work's begun.

I love the active race to see;
But is there, Lord, no task for me?
No precious store for me to glean,
While passing through life's morning scene?

I wish to lay a treasure by,
In cells beyond that beauteous sky;
To call a glorious rest my own,
Before my King's eternal throne.

Taught by the Spirit, let me know,
Where piety's young blossoms blow;
From wisdom's hoard the honey win,
And shun the poisoning flowers of sin.

Then yield me, Lord, the help I need;
In paths of sweet instruction lead
My feeble steps; to me be given,
Thy grace below, thy joy in heaven!

THE S

"WHAT an ugly crea
walked on the margin
large white bird hastenin
It was much larger th
extremely long neck, wh
if eager to touch the li
were coarse and naked, th
it walked with an awkwa
wings drooping, and the
speaking uneasiness and a
Rose's Mamma led her
edge, the bird making grea
their way; and when prett
spread its wings, gave a run,

in such a bustle as made Rose laugh, and exclaim, "Oh! the awkward, ugly creature!"

But suddenly a new scene was displayed; the bird having safely retreated, and found itself at home again on its own blue lake, began to swell to an extraordinary size, puffing out its snow white plumage, till it looked like delicate froth: the wings rose half extended, and met, forming a most elegant arch on the back of the bird, whose neck, bending gracefully, seemed to rest upon them, while the head slowly moved from side to side, looking proudly around: and there it sailed like a thing made of the purest snow-flakes, resting on the water, which it scarcely disturbed with its soft and majestic motion. Rose did not know how to express her wonder and delight: she burst forward to gaze upon it: she clasped her hands together, and cried out, "O look, look, Mamma, did you ever see any thing like it? Oh, the elegant, beautiful creature!"

Her mamma smiled: Awkward and *elegant*, ugly and beautiful—what a strange mixture of ideas, Rose!

"Nay, but, Mamma, only see—how graceful, how noble, what a king of the waters! *Its*

feathers are all like do
so white? Look how b
he turns—look at his
were—look how leisurel
feet just under them—l
O lovely swan, beautifu

"I am not surprised
said her Mamma; "for
the whole creation tha
more magnificently bea
swan. A horse boun
the meadows, a peacock
several other creatures
confess that the calm
moving upon the smoo
tractive than any of th
the eye, there is yet, in
of purity, dignity, and
upon: and I know not
unless it be man."

"Man!" repeated
fully, "why, Mamma
shuffling, or hopping
move upon the water

"It is not his eleme

tiful swan was contemptible when upon land, Rose."

"That is true, Mamma; the beauty of a thing seems to depend very much on its being seen in its proper place."

"And the beauty of a character too," replied her Mamma. "Let us compare that swan on the water to a Christian in his proper station. By a Christian, I mean one who has learned that great and necessary lesson—his own sinfulness and misery: and, finding in Jesus Christ a propitiation for his sins, depends on Him, on Him alone, for salvation; but who also bears in mind that God has said, let him '*that nameth* the name of Christ depart from *iniquity*,' and that 'He hath purified unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' Knowing, too, that in his flesh dwelleth no good thing, and that the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to lead into all truth, will surely be given in answer to prayer, he constantly prays for His guidance, and studies the will of God to do it. This is a Christian; and the proper station of such a Christian is plainly marked out in Scripture; for we are commanded to tread in the steps of Him who

went about doing—who was meek and
heart—holy, harmless, undefiled, and
from sinners. Such a character as t
while steadily moving in the ways of
willing obedience, is more beautiful to l
—more admirable in its purity and pea
nity—than yonder swan. But when t
tian quits those holy ways, and mingle
ungodly world, seeking its friendship, c
in its pleasures, and so doing the al
things which God hates, is it not like th
dry land, surrounded with a rabble, all
posure, all its dignity gone; its white p
filed with dirt, and itself an object of
curiosity, and well-merited contempt?"

"I think so, Mamma, indeed: but
the swan sometimes go on shore to
food?"

"Yes; and so must the Christia
with a sinful world in pursuit of his
business—his lawful calling, or for th
of openly warning them of their evil
I speak of the Christian needlessly le
narrow path which God has pointed
and sauntering along the broad road th

destruction. In other words, Rose, I mean that weak and inconsistent part which religious people act, when they go into company, as it is called, feasting with those who pamper the flesh, conversing on idle, unprofitable subjects, wasting their precious time in the society of persons who love not the Lord Jesus, nor desire the knowledge of his ways.

"I have seen people so wantonly cruel, as to throw stones and other things at that lovely, harmless creature, the swan; and, at such times, I have beheld it, when much teased, dive under the water, and so avoid the aim of its persecutors, rising again in a different place. Is not this a beautiful emblem of the true child of God, who, walking in the path of His commandments and the study of his word, finds therein a sure refuge in the day of adversity, 'a hiding-place,' a 'shield,' a 'rock,' a 'fortress,' a 'strong tower?' You remember those two delightful Psalms, the twenty-seventh and the ninety-first. 'In the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me.' 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of

the Almighty. Because thou hast made
Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most I
thy habitation; there shall no evil befal
neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwe
As the swan hides its head in the water, s
the persecuted Christian take refuge in h
enant God, and finds him a very present
trouble."

"Go on, if you please, Mamma," sai
"for I like to hear this."

Then, my dear, let us suppose the s
foolishly venturing to a distance from
and surrounded by a crowd of cruel b
and every thing that can terrify and
—what shall the bird do? The ear
open, to afford it a shelter, like th
stream: it knows not where to turn
foes are on every side, any one of v
be sufficient to overpower it. Too v
too heavy to rise into the air, it
make a difficult and painful retres
throw itself into its native elem
hausted, defiled, terrified, perhap
verely; and long, very long may

wretched bird regains the power of enjoying what it ought never to have quitted.

"Such is the case with many of God's rebellious children, who, having for a time escaped the pollutions of the world, are again entangled therein. All may for a while seem very fair and pleasant about them, and they venture on, going farther and farther yet, from the safe path of prayer, and praise, and obedience, and the society of those who still walk therein. Suddenly, perhaps, the scene darkens around them: they who have despised the voice of conscience whispering in their breast, and resisted the Spirit of God, who still strove with them, are over-taken by some unexpected calamity, and too bitterly feel that there is no help in man—no comfort in the ungodly world. When they lived in communion with their Saviour, they could turn to him in every distress, and confidently trust while they cried,

> 'All my hope on Thee is stayed,
> All my help from Thee I bring:
> Cover my defenceless head
> With the shadow of thy wing!'

But no such help, no such hope, no such sha-

dowing wing is fo
Fightings without, 1
conscience, an unfee
God. Oh! these are
contrast to the sweet
ing of, do we find in
the first chapter of Pr
called, and ye refused
hand, and no man reg
nought all my counsel,
reproof: I also will la
will mock when your f
fear cometh as desolatio
cometh as a whirlwind;
guish cometh upon you:
on me, but I will not ans
early, but they shall not
hated knowledge, and did
the Lord!" "
"Oh, those are terrible
Rose.
"How terrible, then, to
us, n child! And I fear
at seemed to 'run well
as been made to e

when he had begun to turn aside into the path of sin: and, if such do at last find that place for repentance which Esau could not find, and are again received into the presence of a reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, yet what bitter anguish of spirit, what rebukes of conscience, what open shame in the sight of men, do they undergo, while the faithful children of God have still joy and peace in believing, and go on from strength to strength!"

"Mamma," said Rose, "I hope you will always teach me thus: I am ready enough to admire the beauty of God's works, but I do not always seek rightly to be instructed by them."

"You must pray for wisdom, my dear child, and seek knowledge in every thing. You are very fond of the Psalms; but has it never struck you, how much of their deep impressiveness, and touching simplicity, arises from the use which David makes of those things which are daily before our eyes? The starry heavens, the rolling ocean, the rivers, mountains, vallies, and fields—the animal and vegetable creation—all these are constantly brought forward, to assist the blessed work of praise to Him who formed them. What

makes the 23d Psalm
104th, and 107th, and
the inspired writer giv
a rich example of his
pression, 'All thy wor
and all thy saints give

They had now reac
which gave them anoth
the swan upon it, at
gleaming like a pearl u
Rose ran up a little h
neck to gaze upon it, c
and tenderness, "Beaut
sail peacefully on your
has placed you there,
without His permissio
cruel and a wicked han
Lovely swan, I will not
son that you have give

Instruct me, gracio
The path where T
And bid my willin
Where quietness a

From thy kind car
To loiter in the sin

Nor walk where men ungodly meet,
Nor rest upon the scorner's seat.

If dangers threat, or sorrows come,
Oh! may they find me in my home!
That home where thou shalt ever see
An altar rais'd, my God, to thee.

Or if, by needful cares of life,
Compell'd to mix in worldly strife,
Let thy bright presence cheer my breast,
And go with me, and give me rest.

Thy favour is my life—I see
My whole salvation, Lord, in thee;
With thee I find the fount of light,
Without thee, everlasting night.

THE B C

ONCE on a very pleasan
a gentleman and his wife
day at a friend's house, a
and boy had behaved so a
they were not unworthy of
were allowed to accompan
The house to which they
miles distant; it stood nea
river, quite wide and dee
be prettier than that gently
from the house to the wa
treat to little John and hi
in the gig, through the pl
enjoy the smell of the swee
and fields, and to hear th

gaily in the trees and green bushes. They saw fine gardens and houses as they went along; but none appeared so nice as the one which they were going to visit, with its neat smooth lawn, and the river gently winding at the bottom of it. Corn was ripening in the fields, and fruit in the orchards—both are the gift of the merciful Lord God to his sinful creatures; who too often look upon His undeserved bounties, and eat of them too, without one feeling of thankfulness to Him who "openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness."

The gentleman and lady to whom the house belonged, were very glad to see the children with their papa and mamma, and kindly noticed them. After getting their dinner, they had leave given to play upon the lawn, and their papa warned them not to go too near the bank of the river, nor on any account to get into any boat that they might find there. John and Bess, had been so often told that the eye of the Lord God was always upon them, and that nothing could ever be hid from Him who would hereafter judge them—that they had, through the divine blessing on these good instructions, been kept from

many evil ways, that children
into; and their parents had m
them; I am afraid they were
this, and that, depending too m
and looking too little to the
strength, they were in greater
had been truly humble childre
Away they went, and playe
sant green lawn, till by degre
near the river, which shone so
with the reflection of the sun
hardly keep their eyes from
cried out, "Oh! look, Bess, w
is there."
"Yes," replied she, "but
near it." "We may go ne
"but we must not get into it."
this.
If they had recollected wha
them, when teaching them
they would have been aware
own accord into temptation,
not to lead them into it,
mocking Him.
To the river side they we

very pretty boat indeed, painted green, with black edges; and it was fastened to the shore by a long chain, which was sunk in the water, while the boat, resting against the bank, seemed fixed to it by a short hook only. "Oh! how I should like to get into this pretty boat," said little John. "Ah!" replied Bessy, "that would be disobeying papa; and you know God sees us, though he does not." John said, "I will not disobey papa; for I will not get into the boat; but I will sit down on the bank, and only put my feet into the boat." The foolish little boy, like too many children, and grown people too, was ready to go to the brink of sin, and thought, if he did not break the very words of the commandment, he would not be much to blame, though his whole heart was set on the forbidden thing. But God is not satisfied with such obedience. He says, "Give me thy heart:" and, as we have but one heart, how can we give it to God while we bestow it upon his great enemy, sin? John thought he had settled the matter extremely well; so he sat down on the bank, which was quite level, and the water there very deep: he put his feet into the boat, and it immediately began to move away.

The poor child, frightened, started up, and moment fell into the river, between the boat the shore. His little sister, who loved dearly, stooped down in great terror, and ca hold of the collar of his coat, trying to pull out; but alas! the water filled his pockets his shoes, and made his clothes so heavy he sunk lower and lower; and Bess, havin thing to hold by on the land, to suppor must either have let him sink alone, or hav pulled in also.

Now see, my little readers, what an easy it is to join hand in hand in sin, but how sible for sinners to deliver themselves, o other; and what a dreadful part of the that the wicked must suffer in hell it will see those whom they perhaps loved best o brought to that place of torment also, t their evil example and advice: or their of warning them from the sins which th them ready to commit. If God had no pity on these faulty children, they wo been deep in the cold waters, dead and fore night: and if the Lord Jesus did n compassion to you, and offer you

through his precious blood, you would have no way of escape from the far more deep and horrible pit that burns with eternal fire.

Two men, returning from work in the fields, saw this little girl stooping over what they knew to be a dangerous place, and ran to the spot. They came up just as she had become almost insensible from terror, and while one drew John out of the water, the other took Bess in his arms; and so both were carried to their parents, who were long before they could see the colour return to John's cheeks, or convince Bess that her dear little brother was not dead; and you may judge how sorry and ashamed the children were to own their disobedience; but the Lord put His fear in their hearts, and would not let them add to their sin by telling a lie.

John is grown up to be a man, and has children of his own; and Bess is a woman, and wrote this story herself for them, and for other dear children, who like to hear of God's wonderful doings, and tender mercies towards His creatures. And she assures them that, though they may be sitting in their quiet homes, and think themselves as safe as can possibly be, yet

if they have not learned to
hearts are sinful, and that ther
sinners but in the blood and rig
Lord Jesus Christ,—and if the
to pray to Him for pardon, an
to love and serve Him faithful
not daily try to do so, they
danger than John was in, whe
broad deep river.

HYMN.

Wide is the gate, and broad t
That leads mankind to sin
And Satan's baits are painte
To lure the careless in.

How may a simple child be
And hidden snares discern
That wisdom God alone sup
Seek ye the Lord, and lea

O learn of Him, the lowly I
His gentle voice obey;
Walk in His steps, and sure
You cannot lose your way

For He was patient, meek a
And loved his Father's wi
The humble and obedient ch
He guards from every ill.

For you He bade his life-blood flow,
For you He conquered death;
His love shall watch your path below,
And soothe your dying breath.

And He will bear you to the place
Where sin is known no more—
With angels to behold His face,
And His great name adore.

THE

BOW IN THE CLOUD.

JOHN and Henry were returning togethe their school, when a very heavy shower o came on, and they were glad to take shel der some trees that grew a little way fr road side. Carefully preserving their from being wetted, the little fellows sto together, watching the large drops as th around; and listening to the noise whi made on the surface of a pretty stream, from their retreat.

"I wish it would stop raining," said "I am quite tired of standing here." soon be over," replied John, "and then will look so fresh, and the flowers smell after the shower, that the rest of our be delightful. God sends rain to make fruitful; and I like to see it fall."

Presently, the sun shone out beautifully, and the rain ceased to patter upon the leaves. Our two little boys left their shelter, and returned towards the road. "Oh! look, brother," cried John, "what a lovely rainbow! It seems so large and bright, and quite near us."

A man who was passing them on horseback heard the remark, and said, "Aye, 'tis very near; and if you will run to the place where the end of it rests, you will find a fine pot of money."

"Which end, Sir?" said Henry; but the man was out of hearing, having spoken a falsehood for the sake of a silly jest. This is very wicked: it is also very cruel to deceive the young and ignorant; for, when they find themselves imposed on by bad people, they sometimes are afraid to believe what is told them by good ones.

Now Henry was a silly boy, and a little covetous I fear: he stood quite still, and stared first at one end of the rainbow, then at the other in great perplexity. "Come," said his brother, we shall be late home."

"And if we take home a pot of money with us, will not that be a good excuse for staying out a little? I wish I knew which end of the

rainbow it is at!" "I don't t
end," observed John; "for l
bows in so many different pl
the man said was true, we cou
mile any way, without stumbli
money."

Henry did not mind what he
went on talking to himself. "T
tainly nearer to me, but then it i
side of the water, and the man m
I could not get at it. The other
off, to be sure, at the top of the l
of money is worth trying for, and
Here, John, hold my book; and i
safe may be I'll give you a handfu
and gold;" and away ran the si
hedge and ditch. John followed hi
calling him back, but poor Henry
wanted to get before him, and lay
prize; so he ran faster than befor
gave over the chase.

The Minister, who lived very ne
had walked out to enjoy the fresh
air, after the rain; from a little dist
seen Henry start off in such a hurry

ing how foolish children sometimes are about such things, he partly guessed what he was about. He pursued his walk; and came out on the road just where John was quietly going towards his home.

The little boy made him a bow, which the Minister kindly noticed, and then asked him where his brother was.

"He is gone to fetch a pot of money, Sir!"

"A pot of money!"

"Yes, Sir; or at least to look for one"—and John told him what had passed. The Minister could hardly help smiling when he turned, and saw poor Henry at a good distance, sitting on the top of a gate, and looking about in all directions for the rainbow, which had disappeared while he made his way under some bushes. He did not remain there long, however, but jumped down on the other side, and continued to run up the hill.

"Pray, Sir, is it true?" said John, who knew that the kind Minister would not be displeased at his asking a question.

"No," replied the Minister; "your brother will meet the disappointment that is usually

found by those who seek for what God has never promised. The rainbow ought in a particular manner to raise our thoughts above this earth and its treasures."

"It is very beautiful, Sir," said John.

"It is indeed; and we must not forget the purpose which God has commanded it to answer. I hope you remember it."

"Yes, Sir: I have learned that chapter. God made a covenant with Noah, and set His bow in the cloud; 'And God said unto Noah, this is the token of the covenant which I have established between me, and all flesh that is upon the earth.'"

"Right: the dreadful wickedness of the world had provoked the Most High to destroy with a great flood every living creature, excepting Noah and those shut up in the ark with him. It was a terrible judgment, and the remembrance of it would be so alarming to us, sinful creatures, that in seeing how much evil there is around us, and feeling the wickedness of our own hearts, we should be in constant fear of such another flood if God had not mercifully assured us that should not be."

"Pray, Sir, what is the rainbow made of?"

"It is produced by the sun's rays falling on the watery cloud: you may sometimes see such colours when they shine through a glass of water. It is probable that the rainbow appeared as it does now from the creation: but it was not till the days of Noah, that God chose it for the token of a covenant between Him and His creatures. It is most mercifully chosen; for its extreme beauty, and its situation in the sky, are fitted to lead the mind up to Him who sits above, ruling over all. And as the falling of heavy rains may well remind us how terribly the Lord once showed that He can drown this sinful world, it is very gracious at that particular time to bid us remember His promise that He *will not.* Those who live in disobedience to God's holy laws, will hereafter be tormented in fire, though they are secure from the great drownings of a terrible flood of waters now."

John looked down, and at last said, "I am afraid, Sir, sometimes, that God will punish me in that fire; for though I am but young, I can say of myself what the Bible says of people after

the flood; 'the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.'"

The minister looked very kindly on him, and replied, "I am glad that you so well know the sad truth of your own sinfulness, as I trust it will lead you constantly to pray that the Lord will change that evil heart where there is no good thing, into the humble heart of an obedient child. There would be no hope for us after this life, if God had not given us a better covenant than that with Noah, even the covenant of everlasting salvation in Christ Jesus. When we look upon the rainbow stretched over our earth, let us think of that which is round about the throne of God in the highest heavens. St. John, in the Revelations, says that he saw one: and blessed indeed is he who shall appear before that throne to worship and serve God continually with the holy angels! Those who do so, are they who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; even Jesus Christ, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, whose precious blood cleanses us from sin, and by the gift of whose grace we are enabled to serve God acceptably."

By this time Henry, who had turned back soon after crossing the gate, was come within a short distance of them; and the minister kindly waited until he could overtake them. He looked foolish enough; his clothes were torn, and his face very red, and he was quite out of breath. "Well, my lad," said the Minister, "where is your money?"

"The rainbow was gone, Sir, and I could not find where it had stood."

"And if you had, do you really believe you should have found a treasure?"

Why I dont know, Sir; but there would be no harm in looking."

"Believe me, my child, there is more danger than you suppose in the indulgence of these covetous inclinations. 'The love of money is the root of all evil:' the Apostle tells us so; and even this foolish chace of yours has done you some harm, has it not?"

Henry looked more sheepish, and said nothing.

"Your parents, I know, are not rich; and even the injury done to your clothes is of some consequence to them: but your mind is injured too; for you felt angry and disappointed when

you found your labor was vain; and if the rain-bow had continued all day in your view, you would gladly have given up your time, neglected your studies and your work, and risked your health and limbs in following after the object of your wishes."

"But, Sir, a pot of money would have made amends for all."

"No, it would have been a snare to you, making you proud, idle, unhappy and forgetful of God. The more you enjoyed of this world's goods, the more you would set your heart on them, and the less you would seek after heavenly blessings. 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' 'Riches certainly makes themselves wings:' they fly away: and with your riches would fly your comfort. You would have no relish for better things, after cleaving long and closely to the dust of the earth. If riches were good for us, would the blessed Jesus have chosen a life of poverty and humility? Would he have said, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven?' Sir,

"Are there no good rich

"Yes; there are many in whom the love of God has overcome the love of this present evil world; and who makes use of His gifts to promote His glory. But these men do not run after wealth: they would willingly give up all they possess, if such was the good pleasure of the Lord. They pray to be kept from covetousness and well know that their silver and gold will witness against them, if they use it for the gratification of their own worldly desires. We are all exposed to the temptations of Satan, and to the working of a nature never free from sin while we remain in the flesh. How foolish, then to heap together those things which are most likely to give the enemy opportunities of hurting our souls! Tell me, Henry, what did Judas do for thirty pieces of silver?"

"He betrayed his Master, Sir."

Yes; he committed a sin which is dreadful to think of, for a handful of money, because he loved money; and from the same cause wicked Balaam would have cursed the people of God. and delivered them up to a cruel heathen king. Covetousness is idolatry. The rainbow, I hope, has been the means of giving you a lesson. I

pray God that his works may always lead you
to his Word, and both be blessed to your souls."

Beautiful bow! in mercy given,
A token of love to earth from heaven,
When thou art beaming bright and fair,
May I ever behold the promise there!

Beautiful bow! when the rain-drops fall,
And the cloud is dark like a funeral pall,
When the sun has hidden his shining ray,
And the birds seek shelter beneath the spray.

Beautiful bow! I will look on high,
For thou wilt appear to paint the sky,
And bid earth's mourning children see
The sign of a covenant God in thee.

Beautiful bow! a brighter one
Is shining round the eternal throne;
And when life's little storm is o'er,
May I gaze on that bow for ever more.

THE

RED BERRIES.

HENRY WILSON was an only child, very dear to his papa and mamma, who took great pleasure in teaching him all that a little boy of seven years old could be expected to learn. They were careful to instruct him, as soon as he was able to understand their words, that we are all sinners in the sight of God, and must certainly be shut out from heaven, and sent to dwell after death in the place of torment, among bad spirits, if Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, who is himself God, one with the Father, had not mercifully taken our nature upon him, and suffered for our sins, that we might be delivered from the wrath to come. Little Henry was likewise taught, that we must not believe in the

blessed Lord Jesus as our Saviour, but also obey him as our King, doing whatsoever He, in the Bible, commands us to observe and do, and avoiding what He has forbidden. But, as we are all inclined, by our evil nature, to break God's laws; and as Satan, the great enemy of our souls, is always at hand to tempt us to do wrong, Henry was also informed that God the Holy Ghost, who likewise is one with the Father and the Son, condescends to dwell in the hearts of those who believe in Jesus Christ, enabling them to strive against sin, and love and obey the Lord. Henry was taught to pray every day for the aid of this Holy Spirit, without whom he could do nothing pleasing to God; for it was said by our Lord Jesus Christ, "Except a man be born again, of water and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Henry had an uncle, who was a clergyman; his name was Morgan: he lived in a very pretty house, near his church, and had a nice garden. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson took little Henry with them to pay a visit, late in the autumn, when the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees ——a sight fitted to remind us how soon we also

must wither and be mingled with the dust of the earth. When a dry yellow leaf was blown across the path where they walked, and borne out of their sight by the rough breeze, Henry recollected the words of the prophet Isaiah, "We all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities like the wind have carried us away."

The day after they arrived, Henry asked permission to walk by himself in the pretty garden, and his mamma said he might do so when his lessons were finished: his papa also consented, but said, "Be sure, Henry, you do not eat any thing that you find there."

Henry promised, and having said his lessons, away he ran quite delighted, into the garden. There were a few flowers still in bloom: the China-rose hung its delicate head, and, by bending down so readily, avoided having its soft pink leaves scattered by the wind that would have torn a stronger blossom in pieces; and, when the sun shone warm again, this rose looked up, as fresh and as sweet as ever. Like the pious soul, which meekly bows beneath the afflictions that God is pleased to send, and, humbling himself under His mighty hand, is exalted in due time; while the

proud, rebellious heart, that thinks to brave His wrath, is broken and destroyed.

Several flowers, such as the Michaelmas-daisy, the dark China-aster, and others of such plain and sober appearance, that they would not have been regarded among the gay colours of summer, appeared quite valuable, now that no brighter remained. So it is with the ordinary comforts, that we are ready to overlook while our cup overflows with a variety of blessings, but which we learn to prize when other enjoyments are gone, and they too, likely to depart. But the cheerful-looking little flower, the Heart's-ease, was smiling in every place; and Henry knew it might continue all the winter under the sheltering shrubs of evergreen. Neither storms nor losses can destroy that blessed contentment which blooms in the heart of the Christian, who knows that the protecting arm of his Saviour is still spread over him, to defend and to deliver.

There was very little fruit in the garden: here and there, a bunch of grapes hung on the vine, some winter apples remained on the trees, and a few currants, that ripened very late upon a north wall, were peeping from among the cobwebs and

yellow leaves: but nothing pleased little Henry so much as a bush, covered with berries of a deep scarlet, soft to the touch, and bright to the eye. He looked long at them, then ran round and round the neat gravel walks, but still returned and stopped opposite the bush. Henry said to himself, "If papa had not forbidden me to eat any fruit, I should like to pull a few of those delightful berries. How sweet they must be!"

While he was playing about, Mr. Morgan came up, and asked him how he liked the garden. "Very much indeed, uncle," replied Henry. They walked a little while together. Presently they passed the bush which bore the beautiful red berries, and Mr. Morgan, seeing how his nephew looked at it, said, "You must be sure not to eat any of those berries, Henry." "Oh no, uncle," answered Henry, "papa desired me not to gather any thing."

Mr. Morgan said, "I know it, my dear; and you will always find it your happiness, as well as duty, to obey your parents." After dinner there was fruit on the table, apples and pears, nuts and grapes, and currants, but Henry was

disappointed at not seeing any of the fine red berries.

The next day was Sunday—Henry just walked round the garden before breakfast; as he passed the bush, "Oh!" said he, "my uncle keeps this nice fruit for himself. How mean! he deserves to lose some of it."

This was a very naughty saying; if Mr. Morgan did wish to preserve the berries, they were his own, and he had a right to do as he pleased with them. Whatever he gave little Henry, it was the gift of his kindness; and he did him no wrong in denying other things—but it was uncharitable, and therefore unlike a Christian, to suppose that he refused them from a selfish motive. Thus it is that sinners entertain hard thoughts of God, notwithstanding all his love and kindness towards them. Henry was already more than half determined to commit a sin, and wanted to find excuses to blind his own conscience.

After breakfast, Henry asked leave to walk in the garden, till the time came to go to church. "You may do so," said his papa, "if you walk soberly, recollecting this is the Lord's day, and

not yours. Beseech Him to keep your mind fixed on such things as are suitable to the Sabbath. Remember, too, Henry, my charge, not to gather any thing without leave."

"Yes, papa," said Henry, and walked off.

What do you think he did? First I will tell you what he ought to have done. The good advice of his papa should have been followed; he should have prayed that his thoughts might be kept on heavenly things; and his heart prepared for the service of God in his house; he should have avoided the place where he knew that he would be led into temptation, and have earnestly asked for the assistance of the Holy Spirit to oppose his evil wishes. But, alas! little Henry did none of those things; on the contrary, he went as fast as he could to the bush, and gazed on the red berries till it seemed impossible to leave the spot without tasting them. His heart began to beat very quick, he looked about him, thought of his papa's command and advice, recollected that it was not too late to pray to God, who both could and would keep him from sin, and then—in spite of all this—yielding to the temptation that he might have avoid-

ed, he put forth his hand, snatched several berries, and swallowed them in great haste and alarm, as he heard his papa calling to him from the gate.

The berries were not so sweet as Henry expected, but slimy, and of such a sickening taste, that he was soon very sorry for not having followed the kind command which his papa had given him.

To church went naughty Henry, sad and sulky, as those usually are who feel they have done wrong, and begin to think of the consequences; which Satan always tries to prevent their doing till it is too late.

The Psalm for the day was that very beautiful and awful one, the 139th. I cannot tell you how frightened and miserable the unhappy child felt, while his kind papa, passing his finger under the lines, seemed to point out every word that assured Henry how well his wickedness was all known to the Lord.

The little boy began to feel illness before the prayers concluded, but concealed it as well as he could. At last his uncle appeared in the pulpit, and gave out his text from the very Psalm which

they had been reading. This was it: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence!"

Mr. Morgan began by describing the dreadful state of a sinner, who feels that, though his wickedness may be concealed from man, yet God sees and knows it all. Presently he spoke of Adam eating the forbidden fruit, and how he tried to hide himself, when he heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden. Henry was now quite sure that his uncle had seen him; and, as his thoughts became confused by his increasing illness, he got so terrified, that at last he began to cry and sob most piteously. Finding it impossible to quiet him, and that he also appeared in very great pain, his papa carried him out of the church, and took him home.

When laid upon his bed, little Henry was dreadfully ill, and it was plain that he had eaten something of a poisonous nature. How great was the distress of his parents! For a long time he could not speak; but, as soon as he could, it was to ask for his uncle, who came directly. "Oh! uncle, uncle," sobbed the boy, "do

ask the Lord Jesus to forgive me! I never will do so again."

Mr. Morgan asked him what he had done.

"You know very well, uncle; you told me of it in your sermon."

"No, my child—I spoke of sin generally, and to all the sinners around me. If you supposed it addressed to you, it was because you knew your own guilt. I hope this may lead you to repentance.

"But God will not forgive me, uncle; I knew that I was committing a great sin; and, as soon as I had done it, I felt sure that He would not forgive me. And, oh! uncle, I am going to that dreadful place where liars, and sabbath-breakers, and disobedient children, and all who despise God's law are tormented for ever! Then he cried and screamed, and would take no comfort. If any of you had seen little Henry at that time, you would have owned that a feast of many years on all the sinful pleasures of the world would be too dearly bought at the price of such an hour as that.

Mr. Morgan and his sister and brother grieved sadly: they prayed long and fervently beside

the bed of the unhappy sufferer. The life of the poor child was spared: he felt deeply on account of his sin, and it was well for him that he was taught to seek pardon from God, through the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour.

And it is for us, dear children, to cast the burden of our guilt and sorrow on Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and who has promised never to cast out any that come to him in faith.

But suppose that Henry had died immediately, from the effects of the poison: or, suppose his heart had been hardened to go on in the ways of sin; what would have become of him at last? —and what will become of *you*, if you neglect to ask continually the help of Him who alone is able to keep you from falling, and to use that help when you obtain it?

My little readers, and elder ones too, "Pray without ceasing." Study God's word, obey his laws, and seek for safety, blessing and peace, holiness here, and heaven hereafter, only through the blood and merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Who gave himself for us, that He might redeem

us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Can hearts endure, or hands be strong,
When God shall call the guilty throng
To stand before his throne?
In light revealed each sinful deed,
And each transgressor left to plead,
Unaided and alone?

Be wise in time, to Jesus flee,
He died to set the captive free,
And change our fearful doom:
The gospel feast is spread for all,
Who listen to that glorious call:
"Approach—there still is room!"

THE

WILLOW TREE.

I KNEW a little girl, and a very little girl she was then, who used to take great notice of every thing about her; but, because she did not like to ask questions, she often made strange mistakes, and puzzled herself to no purpose, when she might have learned a great many useful things, which from her ignorance it was not possible she should find out of herself. This is very silly: when children have kind parents or friends, willing to instruct them they ought to be thankful, and to ask for all the information that they want.

This little girl, Eliza, among other matters was greatly distressed about a willow tree, which grew before her papa's house, in the little garden. It was a pretty weeping willow; but not very

large. Eliza had taken notice, that, when she sat in the parlour below stairs, and looked across the street, the willow was so tall as to hide from her sight the house of a neighbour, over the way; but if she went to an upper window, the tree hardly reached the knocker of the neighbour's door, and she looked over the top of it with great ease; and the silly child thought that the willow stretched itself up, or threw itself down, as if to teaze her; and she was teazed, and used to lie awake at night thinking what could be the reason of it.

At last, one morning, at breakfast, Eliza's papa, seeing her constantly looking out at the window, asked what she saw there to amuse her so much. Eliza would not tell an untruth: so she said, "I am thinking, papa, how odd it is that the willow tree should grow higher than Mr. Davis's house."

"It is not nearly so high my dear."

"No, papa, not always," said Eliza; "it was little enough when I looked at it half an hour ago, out of the study window, above: but now it is so tall that I cant see Mr. Davis's chimney." Her papa smiled; and explained to her that all the difference was owing to her looking at the tree from above or from below. And he stood

up, and bade her observe that his head seemed to her higher than the opposite window, when he stood near her. Then Eliza wondered how she could have been so silly; and was ashamed to have puzzled her little head so long, when her kind papa would have set her right in a minute, if she had asked him.

When Eliza grew up, she often thought of the willow; and I will tell you some reflections that it brought to her mind.

There are many things of no great consequence that we keep close before our eyes, and we look up to them till we fancy them very grand; and they hide from us other things much better than themselves, as the small willow tree hid the large house from Eliza. Some children think so much of their toys, that they neglect their books; others are so fond of looking into silly story books, which they call amusing, that they have hardly any time or wish to study the blessed Bible, or listen to instruction. Some take great pride in fine clothes, and will not see how wicked and ugly, in God's sight, are the hearts which they try to hide behind these gay dresses. Many care for nothing but play, and are always

about some foolish amusement or another, thinking it of more importance than knowledge and piety, because they allow it to keep these better things out of their minds. Some desire to be rich, or beautiful, or famous, when they grow up; and never spare a look towards death and judgment, which are behind all those worldly enjoyments.

In these cases, and many more, we may suppose that we see little Eliza, with her eyes fixed on the willow, thinking how tall and grand it is; while indeed the reason is only that she keeps so near to it, and looks up. But when, by God's mercy, children are able to look down upon what the world loves, they are, like Eliza at the study window, above stairs, able to see all the better prospect beyond, and not finding the willow at all in her way.

Solomon was a very wise king; but he became much wiser by considering these matters. He had great riches, and learning, and all the good things of this world; but he found they were all "vanity and vexation of spirit." They stood in his way, and hindered him from looking to the glories of heaven. Like Eliza's

willow tree, they shut out the best part of the sky, and he got weary of them. Then he sought the wisdom which God gives to those who ask it; and found himself far happier in looking down upon the world, than ever he had been in looking up to it.

Eliza lost a great deal of time in thinking about the willow, and in running up and down stairs, while her little companions were busily employed at their tasks; and afterwards she was sorry to find how far they had got before her. She was quite right in wishing to understand what she saw, but quite wrong in not applying to those older and wiser than herself. So it is in too many cases, where we choose to trust to our own wisdom, and do not like to seek that which cometh from above. We often hear children say, "I don't think there is any harm in it," or, "I dare say it will not be wrong;" when they wish to do a thing which they are afraid is not right. Now, at such times, instead of guessing about it, they should try to remember whether the Bible does not speak of such actions as sinful—whether they are such as the holy and pure Son of God would have done, when He was

upon earth; for we are commanded, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," and we are told to follow His example.

When Eliza was about ten years old, her papa went to live in another place; and after she grew up to be a woman, she visited again the house where her childhood was spent. The willow tree was gone: it bore no fruit, and therefore was only for show; and the people, who wanted something useful in their little garden, had thrown it away. Then Eliza recollected what our Lord says in the parable of the barren fig tree; and how, because he found no fruit on it, He said, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Eliza reflected how many of her dear little friends, who used to play with her under the willow tree, were laid in the cold grave already, and she was very sad when she thought that some of them had been like the unfruitful tree; for she knew the terrible doom of such—"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Dear children! can you bear to think that the righteous Judge may one day say this of you? If He does, it must be your own faults;

for Jesus Christ has told us how
to receive little children, and to
Some people go on in sin, for a lon
not hear of the love of Christ in
sinners until they are quite old; an
look back on the years that they ha
edly mis-spent, and are afraid to com
old age to Him whom they did not
their youth: but they should not be af
come to Him, because He will not cast
out, but will receive them, and wash away t
sins in His precious blood, and give them a
heart, and enable them to pass their few rema
ing days in His faith and fear.

Some young people, when they hear the ag
invited to repent, and to believe in Jesus Chr
that their sins may be blotted out, are so w
foolish and wicked as to say to themsel
"When I am old, I will do so too; there is
enough yet. I will live in pleasure; bu
trouble myself now about religion; b
die, I will repent and beli e in J
What! do not children
people too? There are g
church-yard. I have oft

that the nurse could carry under her arm, with a small baby in it that died on the lap; *and I* have seen one or two men, bearing a *larger* child to the grave: and I have seen six men stooping beneath the weight of a heavy coffin, containing the body of a strong, stout man *in* it, who seemed as flourishing a little while before, as the green willow tree; and like *it was* suddenly cut down. And while God is showing us thus how frail we are, can we talk of putting off to another year the work of Him of whom the Psalmist says, "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," and who said to the ungodly rich man, "Thou fool, *this night* shall thy soul be required of thee?" No; you must obey Him now, because He calls you now. You are not like those poor creatures who do not know the danger their souls are in. You have Bibles to read, and the Bible tells you that you are sinners before God, and that He knows the things that come into your mind, every one of them, and will judge you for your wicked words and thoughts, as well as for your wicked ways. It tells you, too, that Jesus Christ died on the cross to make satisfaction for sins; and

that if you will believe in Him, they shall be remembered no more against you. And while telling you this, the Bible also tells you that "Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." Jesus Christ must save you from the power of sin in this life, if you are saved from the punishment of sin hereafter. He even asks you to be saved, He says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He stands at the door of your hearts, and desire you to let Him in, that He may cast out all the evil things which are in it, and come and make it a place fit for Him to dwell in. And do you think the Son of God is to stand knocking at calling to you all the morning of your youth and the day of middle life, and till the night old age comes on, even if you were sure of living to be old? and then, when you find you die at last, you will let Him in, not because love Him, but because you would rather be happy among the blessed spirits, than be tormented for ever with the devil and his angels. Or not expect that God will be so mocked. those things which now keep you from Him perish like the willow tree, and leave no

and you too, like the tree, must be cut down and cast into the fire, unless you listen to His merciful call, "Come, ye children, and hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord." If you were a little lamb, would you not rather be taken care of by a kind shepherd in a safe pasture, than run about the streets to be worried by dogs, and destroyed by cruel people? Behold, Jesus is the good Shepherd, who giveth his life for the sheep, and He is willing to gather you with His arm, and to carry you in His bosom, and to give you eternal life; so that you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of His hand.

Bent downward, like the willow leaf,
We fix our eyes below,
Where crawl the forms of sin and grief,
And weeds of folly grow.

Look up, ye simple ones, and view
True wisdom stor'd in heaven;
Ye need but ask, and unto you
The precious gift is given.

Serve God in fear; his hand shall lead
Your wand'ring hearts aright;
Serve him in love; your souls shall feed
In pastures of delight.

Serve him in faithfulness below,
Through scenes of doubt and strife;
In heaven He'll bless you, and bestow
A radiant crown of life.

ANNE BELL;

OR

THE FAULTS.

"Ah! butterfly, pretty butterfly! let me catch you," said Anne, as she ran after a very beautiful little red one, that was sporting over a bed of flowers.

But the butterfly did not choose to be caught; it often rested, as if to invite the child's approach; then, as soon as she stretched out her hand, away it flew, leaving her farther off than before.

Still Anne followed: at last it alighted on a rose, and seemed inclined to make a long visit, for it folded its pretty soft wings, and was very quiet. "Now, butterfly, stay a minute, and I shall have you," said Anne, as she drew near with great caution. She struck her hand quickly down, but missed the flower, and was sadly

scratched by the thorn, while the insect flew merrily off, unhurt.

Anne was now quite angry. "Ah? naughty butterfly! if I can but catch you, I will make you pay for all this."

She ran on, keeping close to the object of her pursuit, until it settled itself on some long tangled grass.

"Now I *will* have you!" exclaimed the child, as she pounced upon it with outstretched hands. The butterfly was caught, and so was Anne, for in her eagerness she lost her footing, fell head foremost, and was severely stung by some nettles, that grew here and there among the grass.

Her crying brought her Mamma from the parlour where she was writing. Mrs. Bell lifted up her little girl, and, seeing how her face was marked, said, "Oh! Anne, how did you get this fall?"

Anne did not like to tell: she knew how very often her Mamma had checked the cruel sport of catching insects. She therefore said nothing, but continued crying.

Mrs. Bell, seeing her hand clenched, opened it; and there, crushed to death, was the pretty

red butterfly. "So," said she, gravely, "I now know whose fault it was."

"It was the butterfly's fault, Mamma, for leading me such a chase; and the gardener's fault, for leaving those nasty nettles near the walks."

"If you can prove," said her mother, "that the butterfly insisted on your catching it, or that you were obliged to tumble into the long wild grass, I may partly agree with you; but at present I think little Anne Bell is the person to blame; and that the many faults which led to this disaster well deserve the punishment they have brought."

"As if a butterfly was of any value!" said Anne, "and I am so hurt:" then she cried louder than before.

"This is making the matter worse," observed her Mamma—"Come in; I will apply something to relieve the pain, and then talk to you about your morning's amusement."

Anne flung the dead insect away, and sullenly followed.

Mrs. Bell bathed the swollen face of her child

with a lotion that abated the smart; and then seated her on the sofa at her side.

"Now, Anne, how many faults did you commit in this business?"

Anne was silent.

"Answer me," said her Mother.

"I suppose it was a fault to do what you bade me not to do, Mamma."

"Yes, that was disobedience: then you chose a time when you knew I was engaged, and could not observe you—there was deceit. Reckon as I go on."

Anne counted two on her fingers, and looked much humbled.

"Wanton cruelty, Anne, is a sad, a very sad thing indeed: and passion is another fault."

"Then I have committed four faults, Mamma."

"More than that: you were not only unwilling to confess the matter, but when discovered, threw the blame elsewhere, which shewed that you were hardened against the chastisement you received: then you despised God's work, saying a butterfly was of no value; and were quite sul-

len and resentful, because I
pity for your pain to blind me
of your offence." interrupted
"Oh! Mamma," "don't reckon any more, I am
think how bad I have been: p
faults."

"Anne," replied her mother, "I a
that you now perceive them: at first you w
scarcely allow that you had been to blame.
I have already shown you the faults of wh
you were guilty within a few short minu
Look into your heart, my child, and you
discover many other offences, daily and hour
committed: and what will it avail you that
should forget them, if the Almighty God, w
knows all you do, and say, and think, sh
keep these faults in remembrance?"

"Anne sighed deeply, and said, "what sh
I do, Mamma?"

"Beseech your heavenly Father to blot th
from His book, through the blood of Him
was called Jesus, because He should save
people from their sins."

Anne knelt down, and implored forgiveness

the name of her Saviour, her Mother adding a petition that the Lord would create in her a new, a contrite, and merciful heart.

"I am afraid, Mamma, you think me very cruel," said Anne, after she rose up, "but indeed it was not that made me hurt the butterfly: I only wanted to look at it."

"Could you not do so as it rested on the flowers?"

"Yes, Mamma, but—but—it amused me to run after it."

"And that was cruelty," said Mrs. Bell, "distressing a harmless creature for your diversion. It was presumption, too: He who made you to run about, also formed this insect to fly about. The same sun warmed you both; the same air refreshed you; nay, the birds and insects are more immediately God's care, as they have nobody to feed and provide for them like you."

"Do you think He cared for the butterfly, Mamma?"

"Undoubtedly; His tender mercies are over all His works: it is said, 'Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' Our Blessed Lord declares that a spar-

row falleth not to the groun
mission; and directs our at
the Almighty takes of his he
am quite sure that the Spirit
spirit of cruelty cannot dwell i

"But what did you mean
God's work, Mamma?"

"We have no right to say c
it has pleased God to make, th
and in all the creation, probab
more beautiful object than the
sure none ever led me to such
fitable thoughts."

"How so, Mamma?"

"First, as I spoke of its b
you, that if I was to show you
even the speck of dust that stil
hand, you would be astonished
ed of the most lovely feathers,
of the peacock or the pheasant
tle delicate fibres that stretch
the beautiful regularity of eve
manner in which it is enabled to
ly through the air, would deli
above all, when I think on what

and what it is, the change fills my whole heart with that great event of which it is the type or representation."

"What event, Mamma?"

"The resurrection of the body. You know, Anne, that the first form in which the insect appears is that of a worm,—a creature bred in the earth, and unable to rise above it. Such creatures as you and I, Anne, who are formed out of the dust, and must return to it again; and who find ourselves little disposed, and less able, to rise to the contemplation, of heavenly things; chasing some fancied pleasure, as you did the poor butterfly to-day; continually offending God in our eagerness after perishing enjoyments, that bring only bitterness and pain at the last. Like the caterpillar, we eat up the fruits of the earth, and often with as little sense of thankfulness to Him who gives them."

"But this is very sad, Mamma; how can the thought of it afford you pleasure."

"My pleasure arises from considering the wonderful power of God displayed in the insect, and leading me to His promise of changing our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glo-

rious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.

"The worm, having surrounded itself with a sort of shell, remains enclosed, like a corpse in the tomb, without life or motion: after a time, the shell breaks, and gives liberty to a creature so different from the one which entered it, that I often think the butterfly was made to leave the infidel without excuse, even in the sight of men. When I trace the flight of that beautiful creature through the air, into which it could not possibly lift up itself without such a wondrous change, I am lost in astonishment and adoration of the hand that produced it. I am led to say, in a deep feeling of my present state, 'My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me, according to thy word.' And my spirit rises into those regions of life, and light, and joy, into which I hope, by the sufferings and merits of my glorious Redeemer, to be admitted at the close of my pilgrimage on earth."

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Anne, in tears, "how sorry I am, that I killed the butterfly."

"To kill or to hurt any thing without suffi-

cient cause, my dear, is very sinful—very far removed from like-mindedness to Christ Jesus. You have sadly experienced to-day, that in your heart lurk the seeds of disobedience, passion, pride, cruelty, deceit, and indifference to the glory of your Creator, in His works. The flight of a butterfly across your path, has called all these evil dispositions into action in a moment. Oh! my child, what must these hearts be in the sight of Him who is perfect righteousness and purity! What need we have, daily, hourly, to implore the aid of the Holy Spirit, to cleanse and to sanctify us, who cann ot make our own hearts clean! and how should our souls bless the Lord, aud all that is within us to bless the holy name of Him, through whom one we escape eternal death; who hath redeeme d us to God by His blood, and made the beli ver an heir of everlasting life!"

THE ROSE-BUD.

I don't know how many years it is, since I planted the slip from a very fine tree, growing in a friend's garden. It was a rich deep red, or rather crimson, damask rose. The petals were soft as velvet, with a most delicate gloss: in short, the flower was so exceedingly beautiful, that I could not rest until I had, as I thought, secured such a tree to myself. I took off the slip in autumn, and placed it under shelter during the winter. Early in spring, I found that it had become strongly rooted, and then I transplanted it to the most favourite spot in my garden, taking up several valuable shrubs to make room for my rose-bush, my precious rose-bush!

Many and frequently were my visits to the spot; and the little plant flourished to my sa-

tisfaction. Leaf after leaf came peeping forth, and unfolding its soft green upon the slender shoots. At last, to my very great joy, I was able to distinguish amongst them a little hard knot, which I knew would produce a bud; there was but one: and if there had been no other rose-bud in the kingdom, I could scarcely have treasured it more proudly, or set a higher value upon it.

Well—the bud grew: and what with fine weather, and my tender care of it, there seemed to be every prospect of its becoming as grand a rose as any in my friend's garden. My impatience to see it unfold its beauteous leaves was very great; and I well remember the joy with which I first discovered a little blush of red in the centre of its soft green covering. If I had watched as anxiously for the budding of divine grace in my own soul, what happiness I might have enjoyed! but my heart was then set upon earthly things; and I grasped at the gifts of God, in creation and providence, without ever asking myself what fruit He expected in me. Had my rose-bush put forth neither leaves nor blossoms, I should have flung it away, and made choice of

another: but, though
plant in the garden of
reflected how justly
have been passed upon

It was now the begi
side the sweetest flower
charming colours invi
pinks and bright carna
flowers and purple sto
superb convolvulus, wi
and honeysuckle as brigh
all put forth their swee
mignionette threw its d
my path, and the cheerf
ease spread out a borde
gold. Nay, even a mos
beauty, close beside; bu
while I waited with fretfu
pected damask flower e
over the garden.

All eager for the welfa
l took up, and threw aw
too near it. Some which
before, and which would
second summer, I now re

less, compared with the important rose; and I tore up their tender fibres, either tossing them quite out of the garden, or carelessly putting them in some distant bed. Some magnificent tiger lilies, in particular, were thus destroyed, lest their lofty heads should come between the sunbeams and my rose—my precious damask rose-bud!

But listen to the end of my story. The bud swelled to its full size: and for several evenings I expected that the following morning would show it expanded into a bright round flower. It still remained the same, excepting that a sickly yellowish cast stole over the green leaves that enfolded it; and it became contracted a little on one side. The rich crimson of its head grew pale; it was soft to the touch, and all my unwillingness to believe it, could not hide the truth that my hopes would be blighted. At last it hung down, so shrivelled and dried up, that I could no longer doubt its fate. I plucked it from the stem, and broke it open. The canker was within; and my damask rose-bud was scattered to the winds in fragments.

This lesson was not much heeded at the time:

I thought but of the loss,
might be to me.

The canker is a disea
the flower at a very ear
show itself until it has ea
of life in the bud. How
content, a bad temper, or
upon the beauty of the
troy its promise in this l
its hope for the life to co
ly, my dear child, with f
terest than those with w
rose-bud; for I desire to
without spot or blemish,
gers both without and wi
awake. Satan, as a rag
and trample you down, i
Him who is able to keep
Him. When I see yo
perity, smiling in thou
trouble to cloud your m
ble lest such summer ra
For in seasons of great
lifted up, and forgets it
or the little disappoint

must know, make you fretful, I fear that you should be blown from the safe shelter, where I would have you always lying still, at the Saviour's feet. The friendship of the world, and its pleasures, are like insects that creep over the leaf, secretly devouring, and defiling where they pass. Ingratitude is a blight, and pride is a canker, that lies deep, so deep as often not to be seen by the eye of man, and works at the very life of the soul.

There was once a perfect flower on earth: an undefiled one, which, exposed to every enemy that could possibly rise up against us, conquered them all by suffering their rage, and then went to bloom for ever in a most glorious place. "The Rose of Sharon" was the name of this bright flower; a plant of renown. He grew up "as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground." Isaiah liii. 2. For his mortal birth was obscure, and His dwelling was in the habitations of poverty. The world smiled not upon Him: it said, "He hath no form or comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire him," for in the beauty of holiness, the world sees nothing desirable; and

though "praise is comely for the
crooked and perverse generation call it
This Rose of Sharon drooped under
storm, and was wounded and torn by the
He came to enlighten and to bless. Th
were about His head, and their points we
ed in to pierce Him, that we might esca
ment. Such little helpless buds as my
cannot study too often the history of the
the Lord Jesus Christ, whom they must l
upon earth, if they would blossom in the hea
garden, where all his glories and beauti
now expanded. We cannot love Him too n
we cannot rise too early to seek after hin
visit Him too often in prayer and praise.
cannot be too anxious to root up every t
that would prevent His spreading in our hea
nor ought we to rest, till he reigns there in ev
affection, pleasure, and hope. Many beaut
things surround us, for which we are bound
return continual thanks to God; but He is "
chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely
More welcome than the snow drop, He appea
in the wintry season of sorrow, to tell us th
there is yet life in the world, and brighter day

will come. More sweet than the violet, He invites us to search for Him in retirement, and overpays us a thousand fold by His beauty and fragrance. More pure than the lily of the valley. He is found among lowly shrubs; and if the rich and great receive Him, he shows the loveliness of humility, and puts pride to shame. More fruitful than the vine, He overspreads the land that owns Him with rich clusters: and says to His branches, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Nay, He is more precious than the tree of life in paradise, for to Him no flaming sword forbids approach: but in the voice of tenderest invitation, He bids us draw nigh, and proclaims, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

Childhood like a budding rose,
In the world's wide garden grows;
But how often hateful sin,
Like a canker dwells within;
All unseen by mortal eyes,
While the rose-bud droops and dies.

Men behold the outward deed,
God the inward thought can read:

THE ROSE-BUD.

From our God we cannot hide
Envy, anger, secret pride.
Clear as in the noon-day sun,
God can read them every one.

To the Saviour let us pray—
Lord, these cankers take away!
Let thy Spirit dwell within,
Guarding us from every sin,
'Till gathered by thy tender hand,
All thy buds in heaven expand.

THE BIBLE

THE BEST BOOK.

THOMAS and his sister had been busily employed all the morning at their lessons. Ellen finished her piece of sewing just as her brother began the last line in his copy; and by the time that her little work-box was neatly put up in its place, Thomas had wiped his pen, exclaiming, "There now business is done, and as it rains so fast, we are sure of a nice story from Mamma."

To Mamma they went; and having satisfied her that their tasks were indeed properly done, claimed the reward. "What story shall it be?" said Mamma. "Oh, a pretty history out of the Bible, if you please, Mamma," replied Ellen. "Yes," said Thomas, "there are many beautiful histories in the Bible. I do love it best of

all books, for the sweet histories that are in it. I am never tired of hearing about Moses and Joshua, how they led the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan, or of David, how he killed Goliath, and fled from Saul, and how he became king. And then about naughty Absalom and wise Solomon, and Samuel, the little Priest. Oh, there is no Book like the Bible!" "So I say too," added Ellen: "Hagar and Ishmael—what a pretty thing that is, when the angel of the Lord showed the fountain of water to save the child from dying; and then about Miriam hiding herself, to watch what would become of her little baby brother, in his ark of bulrushes; and the history of gentle Ruth, and Queen Esther, who saved the poor Jews from death. But, Mamma has got the Bible open, so let us listen now, Thomas, and talk afterwards.

The children seated themselves upon two little stools near their mother, and with smiling looks, waited for her to begin. But she had something to say to them first.

"My dear children seem quite agreed that the Bible is the best book." "Oh yes, Mamma, and it is; is it not?" they both cried out.

Surely, my dears. All that man's
taste can produce, is far more inf
words of this blessed book, than
p of red paper is to the rich and
s blowing in the garden." The
ed delighted. Mamma went on.
Still, I am afraid that you may injure
es, and indeed commit sin, by thinkin
ch of the amusement that you find in
ble." "Too much, Mamma!" Yes;
g so much of the amusement as to make
rget or disregard the instruction that
tended to convey to our souls. There
e Bible no idle word. It is a message
e most high God to His sinful, ignorant
ures, given to teach them what is His
will; and the beautiful histories which you
ight in, form a part of this lesson. In the
tories that you have nam
are shown examples, whet
ness, 'profitable,' as St.
trine, for reproof, for co
in righteousness;' and
man of God may be per
ed unto all good work

this, we not only do wrong, but acquire a habit of trifling with holy things, and 'pierce ourselves through with many sorrows,' by neglecting to use the means which God has given, in the manner that He has commanded." "I believe, Mamma," said Thomas, "that I often do this. I am forgetting every thing but the pleasure of the story."

"I do not," said Ellen; "I see the hand of God all along, and think of His wonderful providence."

"I am glad you do so," replied her Mamma, "but you must observe many other things besides the providential government of God. All the parables in the New Testament, as you well know, are given to teach us our duty as Christians, and many of them are explained by our blessed Lord himself."

"Yes, Mamma," said Thomas; "but we were speaking of the Old Testament histories now."

"In those histories, my dear, we have a constant lesson; and there is not one of them that does not point to the Saviour who was to come, or to duties, privileges and promises of the Gos-

pel. When we read them, we must bear in mind the sin of Adam, and the curse which fell upon the human race, and upon the earth itself, in consequence of that sin. We must remember that man can find no favour in God's sight, nor hope to escape everlasting death, excepting through the promised Saviour, 'Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come.' We must also remember, that the sinners redeemed by Him, become 'a peculiar people zealous of good works;' and that, although, 'we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God;' yet, to those who believe, exceeding great and precious promises are given of such strength and support as they need. They find God a refuge, 'a very present help in trouble;' when their heart and their flesh fail, they find Him the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever. "How beautifully does this appear in the whole history of David! Your delight in the shepherd youth met with a lovely Philistine giant, and slew him himself, but the how the delivering not only in this, my dear children, asting Philistine, so meet-ble, so armies of Israel. David is a type of the Lord Jesus Christ,

ing and vanquishing Satan, our terrible foe, and purchasing deliverance for us. David is also here a type of each humble Christian, who, having made the Lord of Hosts his only hope and and strength, meets and conquers those who would destroy his soul, as it is written, 'resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' Do you always recollect these things, when listening to the best of all books, the Bible!"

"Indeed Mamma," said Ellen, "I do not. It is true that I often say to myself, 'how wonderfully God delivers his people out of their dangers!' but I do not think so much about our Saviour, as it seems I ought to do."

"Alas, my child! how can such as we, dare at all to think upon the Holy Lord God, or take His name into our mouths, unless at the same time we regard Him as our reconciled Father through Jesus Christ? So awfully pure and holy is the Most High, that He is a consuming fire to all out of Christ. Every blessing, every comfort, every hope that we enjoy, health and strength, the use of our limbs and our senses, safety by day, repose at night, food and raiment —all, all are the purchase of our Redeemer's

blood. He says, 'All power is given unto me in heaven, and on earth.' How mercifully that power is used, let our lips confess, while our souls bless the Lord."

"If we always thought of this, sister," said Thomas, "every thing that we read in the Bible would make us love Jesus Christ more and more." It ought to do so," replied his Mamma; "but our ungrateful hearts are so ready to forget His benefits, and so little inclined for His service, that I fear you do not always pray for the help of the Holy Spirit, although He is given to take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us, to bring all things to our remembrance, and to lead us into all truth. Our Lord says, 'Search the Scriptures,' 'they are they which testify of me.' It is He 'of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write.' 'To Him give all the prophets witness.'

"Our blessed Lord is sometimes spoken of in the Old Testament under the name of an angel. Jacob thus prays, 'God, before whom thy fathers, Abraham and Isaac, did walk, the God which led me all my life long unto this day; the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the

lads.' You take great pleasure in hearing the delightful history of Israel's deliverance out of Egypt, and how the Lord led them through the wilderness to the land of Canaan. Do you remember that an angel went before them? ?"

"Yes, Mamma, and they were told [illegible] to provoke Him."

"True my dears: Jehovah said, 'M[illegible] name is in Him;' and this angel had power to forg[illegible] sins, or not forgive them. 'Who can forg[illegible] sins but God alone?' "

"The Jews said that, Mamma."

"Yes, Ellen; and the Jews were right. They heard Jesus Christ declare to the sick man that his sins were forgiven; and they saw a miracle performed to prove that he had 'power upon earth to forgive sins.' This should have convinced them that he was indeed 'God manifest in the flesh,' but their hard and unbelieving hearts would not allow it. Seeing they did not perceive, and hearing they could not understand. Shall we be like those unhappy Jews, shutting our eyes and our ears against the blessed truths that testify of Jesus?"

"Oh no, Mamma, I hope not," said Thomas very earnestly, and Ellen said the same.

"Then my children, we must diligently seek in the Bible for what will so strengthen our faith, and assure our hearts; always praying that we be not forgetful hearers but doers of the word. Satan, who opposed the work of our redemption, and even dared to meet and to tempt the Son of God, is always watching to draw off our thoughts from Him, whom to know is eternal life. We may take up the Bible, to be interested by its histories, and delighted by the beautiful language in which they are written, yet seek no real profit from it. We may believe all that is told us of the creation, and even the whole of our Saviour's life, death and resurrection, without being the better or the happier. It is when we look into the Bible as if it was a letter written to us, and every word of it meant for our instruction, that it becomes a light to our feet, showing us the path to heaven. We must feel ourselves to be poor ruined creatures, and come seeking our only Saviour Jesus Christ, in every part of the book. They who seek him early shall find him."

The children were very thankful to their

Mamma for telling them all this; and they listened very attentively, while she read to them the history of Abraham going to sacrifice his son Isaac, in the 22nd chapter of Genesis. She also explained to them how beautifully the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus was foreshown by it.

"But Isaac was not slain at last," said Ellen, "and our Lord was."

"Isaac was spared," said her Mamma, "through the offering of another in his stead. As the death of the ram saved the life of Isaac's body, so did the precious blood of Christ deliver Isaac's soul from the bitter pains of eternal death. 'God spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all;' and the blessed Jesus was contented to be delivered up, and to die upon the cross, for the sinful children of men. Let us never cease to give honour unto Him who is adored by the angels of heaven, joining with the spirits of just men made perfect; and altogether glorifying Him, and saying, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'"

When with humble joy I look
In thy sweet and holy book,

THE BIBLE THE BEST BOOK.

Blessed Jesus, make me see
How it testifies to thee!

Thou, the woman's promised seed,
Cam'st to suffer and to bleed;
But, in rising from the dead,
Thou hast bruised the serpent's head.

All along the sacred lines,
Lord, thy gentle glory shines
Abraham thy day could see—
May his faith be found in me!

Let me walk in holy fear,
Knowing thou art ever near,
Never by my heart forgot,
Though my eyes behold thee not.

By the Spirit and thy word,
Still vouchsafe to guide me, Lord:
Teach me now to love thy ways,
And in heaven I'll sing thy praise.

LET us put o
your brothers th
farm-yard, and se
chickens that was
know of very few s
tion, more interesti
we are going to be
I see you are al
hoop along the s
little Frank, for
on the grass, and
to wet his feet.
How sweetly
air brings us a
the garden, as
ployed, colle

making their nests strong, and soft, and warm! They will soon be hatching their young ones, and I know my children will not be so cruel as to rob, or even to disturb them, if they are so confiding as to build within our reach. Oh! it is a sad thing when man, who is appointed to rule the inferior creatures, forgets his duty, and becomes their oppressor. I never knew a person who really loved God, guilty of intentional cruelty to any creature He has been pleased to form.

Here is a bush of sweet brier, just come into bloom; you may gather a small sprig of it, but be careful; the thorns are many and sharp, though you can hardly see them, for the abundance of the leaves. It is with most of the earthly pleasures we delight in, my children. The Lord has, indeed, given us liberally all things to enjoy; but we must be moderate and cautious in using them, or we shall find our too great eagerness after worldly blessings become hurtful, and perhaps we shall pierce ourselves through with many sorrows in pursuing them. When I look at the sweet brier, I would think of our compassionate Saviour, who was wounded by such bitter thorns,

THE HEN AND HER CHICKENS.

t we might partake in the favour of
e for ever.
Now, William, open the gate. So, Mrs
are strutting about, I see, in the mi
chickens, very proud of them.
nk! Do not attempt to catch the chic
erve how the mother ruffles her feat hers
lly she threatens you, while runnings
beak stretched out, to defend her dar
ow she calls them, and they have taken
nder her. Stand quiet a moment, an
onsider this sight.
Do you remember, Lucy, about a month a
nplaining of this very hen, that she wa
rful and shy, you never could persuade
feed near you, as the other fowls did, lay
er feathers flat, from cowardice, till she seem
small, and she would run away, as if you
been inclined to hurt her? Look, now, at
ye; how boldly she fixes it upon you, watch
every motion, and ready to fly in your face
you go near her. What a change! The Se
tures tells us that "love is strong as death,"
here we have an impressive instance of it.
kind of danger, as I think, would now drive

hen to flight, or induce her for a moment, to forsake her chickens. Who taught her this? The eggs she sat on were, probably, very few of them her own; we put them in a basket as they came to hand, and left her to hatch them. From that day nothing could tempt her to leave the nest. The sun might shine brightly, and the other fowls run cackling when called to be fed; she saw and heard it all, but never staid away from the eggs longer than to take one hasty meal every morning, and just to smooth her pretty ruffled feathers.

Day after day, for three long weeks, she denied herself any enjoyment, sitting on these eggs, and losing all care for her own comfort in the steady performance of her duty. But, while we admire this constancy in the hen, we must not forget the lesson that she seems to teach us, and which we very much need to learn; let us ask ourselves, my dear children, if *we* are ready to bear for the sake of Him who died for us, such privations as this poor, simple fowl cheerfully bore for her chickens? Alas! I fear not for one day. How much need have we to look continually for the help of the Holy Spirit,

that we may learn to deny ourselves, and take up our cross and follow Christ!

Lucy, you may now scatter some of the barley which you have brought. See, how anxiously the fond mother directs her little brood to the grains that seem best for them! She pecks at one, and calls over it, and observes while they snatch it up. She must be hungry, I am sure; but how little she cares for her own wants till theirs are satisfied! What a lesson of disinterested love is here! What a beautiful display of Divine power, in a creature not even gifted with reason, but obeying, like a machine, the instinct implanted by the Most High! "Marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Here come the other fowls, at full speed: they knew by your voice that you were calling the hen to feed. With what a jealous eye she watches them! That fine cock, with its grand feathers and proud strut, is very spiteful sometimes against young chickens: it is not always that the prettiest creature is the most valuable. Mind William, he looks angry: oh! he is runuing after the poor chickens! but see, all are sheltered

in a moment, beneath the wings of the hen, and, bold as he is, he dares not to touch them.

Who would think that a few soft downy feathers would be such a defence for so many little living creatures like these? But God has made every thing to answer the end for which He designed it. Do you remember that beautiful Psalm, the Ninety-first, which describes the Divine love and protection, in terms taken, I think, from such a scene as this? "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust." We must look at such an object as this to understand the force of those words: we must see how *very* safe the chickens are, so long as the hen is not removed or injured; and then, recollecting that our God cannot change, cannot fail his people, let us rejoice in our unbounded security: unbounded indeed it is, while we continue to make Him our refuge; but, my children, how prone are we to leave that place of perfect safety, and wander about in a dangerous world without Him! If, when the cock ran after the little chickens, one of them

had refused to take shelter under its mother's wing, and attempted to defend itself, you would hardly have pitied its fate, so wilfully brought on; yet, whenever you dare to neglect praying to God, when you run into temptation, or remain in evil company, or look for safety to any thing but Him, you commit the same folly, and a great sin; exposing yourselves to the danger of much worse misfortune, and eternal punishment.

You see how anxious the hen is to collect her little ones under her feathers, as well knowing they cannot be safe any where else. Does not this remind you of our Lord's tender and sorrowful address to Jerusalem? "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Many terrible judgments, even utter destruction, overtook that rebellious people. They would not be gathered by the Lord Jesus, who came to seek and to save that which was lost; they would not receive him as their Saviour, nor acknowledge him for their King, and they were delivered into the hands of those who had no pity. May we fear, lest the same con-

demnation should come upon us, as it surely will, if we neglect so great salvation!

Can you look at that poor, feeble fowl, and behold her courage, her fortitude, her contempt of danger in the discharge of her duty, and yet doubt that, weak as we are, we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us?

We will now return home, and let us pray, that the lesson here given may not be in vain. Learn submission to your parents, as the little chickens obey every note of their mother. Learn not to trust your own wisdom or strength, but be guided by the counsel of God, who teaches the simple fowls of the air. Learn patience, self-denial, and steadfastness in a good cause; and, above all, learn what would be your wretched state, now and forever, if you had not a sure refuge to flee unto in all times of danger and distress, in Him whose love is everlasting as his power is infinite; who openeth His hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness; feeding you with the bread of life, and inviting you to draw water out of the wells of salvation. For, "He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered."

Holy Saviour, mighty King,
O'er me spread thy guardian wing;
When by trembling fears distress'd,
Let me fly to thee, and rest.

Call me, keep me, by thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide;
Where for safety should I flee,
If my footsteps strayed from thee?

Warn me with thy gentle voice,
Point my path, and guide my choice;
Let me, Lord, in thee possess
Wisdom, peace and righteousness.

THE HATED TASK.

"It is very provoking!" said Harriet to her
lf, as she slowly unfolded her work and pre-
ared to begin a long piece of hemming; while
r mamma was engaged in executing some
edful work at another table. Harriet began
r task, still talking to herself. "Yes, it is
voking, and out of all reason that I must sit
e so long, doing what any poor child in th
ish school would gladly do for me, and ev
ee times as much to earn a halfpenny. A
he while the sun is shining, and the air
sant; most of the ragged children in the
are out at play now, I dare say; and
ng lady, must be kept slaving here, only
e I am a young lady, and can afford to
time as I like best. It is very provoki

When people feel ill-tempered and discontented, they generally look sulky. Harriet's mamma soon saw that something was wrong with her little girl, who sat very awkwardly upon her seat, with her feet turned in, and her head poked out, and her shoulders a great deal higher than they needed to be. Her mamma found fault with her, and desired that she would sit upright: but though Harriet dared not to disobey, she looked more sulky than before, and worked so very slowly, that at length her mamma told her she must not leave off until she had hemmed a whole side of the muslin handkerchief, and hemmed it neatly too. Harriet, who intended to do only half that quantity in the time allotted to her, felt still more provoked. The tears rose in her eyes, but they were tears of anger; and still repeating to herself, "was there ever any thing so provoking!" she went on, twitching out her needle with such peevish haste, that she presently snapped the thread.

Her mamma observed all this, but said nothing. She finished her own employment, and then began to cut out some work, while Harriet went on as fast as she could; and just as she brought

he handkerchief for her Mamma to look at, a smart shower began to fall.

"There, there!" exclaimed Harriet, "I knew it would be so."

"How did you know it?" said her Mamma.

"Oh! I knew the sun would shine as long as I was cooped up here at my task, and that it would rain when I was ready to go out."

"Harriet I am ashamed of you."

"But it is so provoking Mamma."

"I fear it is:" said her Mamma, "I fear you are provoking the Lord."

"I mean, Mamma that it provokes me."

"Does it provoke you to see this refreshing shower fall on the dry and thirsty ground?"

"Why, no, Mamma, not that exactly; but every thing"——

"I am sorry to hear you speak so, Harriet, and very sorry too I was to see with what sullen looks, and improper manner you went through your whole task of sewing. I have given you time to recollect yourself; and now I expect to know what was the cause of such unbecoming behaviour."

"Well, certainly, Mamma, I did feel vexed

at being obliged to sit at work, while the shining, and I might have been enjoying run in the garden."

"Then you would never study but in weather, I suppose?" said her mamma.

"Yes I would study, but not often we You know, Mamma, one must be able to re and to write, and know something of what othe people know, or one would be laughed at. But as for hemming and sewing, so long as I have learned it, I cannot see the use of sitting for an hour at a time over a handkerchief, which any body else could hem as well as I: and it is such charity to send all the work we can to the schools, Mamma."

Harriet's mother had been much grieved by her little girls looks and manner that morning; and to hear her talk in such a way made her yet more uncomfortable. She looked very grave, and said, "I am much surprised and distressed at what you say, Harriet; but I hope to convince you how very wrong you are. It seems that you would be quite satisfied to give up your time and thoughts to whatever is esteemed by the world—the most vain and giddy part of it;

and this too, to avoid being laughed at, and, if you spoke truly, for the sake of being admired. Is it not so?"

"To be sure, Mamma, I should not like to be thought a dunce."

"But you would have no dislike to being idle and useless. You would be like a tree that bears fine leaves and blossoms, but never produces any fruit—a tree that cumbers the ground, Harriet: and what is to be done with such a tree?"

Harriet knew very well, for she had read the parable of the fig-tree, in the 13th chapter of St. Luke's gospel; but she did not answer.

"I see you understand me," said her mamma, "and I hope the Lord will make you understand, too, how great is the evil, the sin, of idleness. The unfruitful tree will be cut down: the unprofitable servant will be cast into outer darkness."

"But, Mamma, I am such a child.—When I am a woman I shall find plenty to do, and be very useful I hope. What good will come of my sitting here to hem a handkerchief?"

"What good, Harriet! is it not written, 'train up a child in the way wherein he should go, and

when he is old he will not depart from it.' You consider it hard to give up an hour's amusement in the sunshine for the purpose of a *little sewing*: but even if your work was in itself of no consequence, still the habits of industry, diligence, and self-denial, acquired in childhood, prove a blessing through life; and those who put off being useful until they grow up, will find it more difficult to become so then, than to pull down a house, and build another in its place.

"How pleased you were, Harriet, when I shewed you the print of a school, where poor little Hindoo girls are instructed by ladies, from England and America."

"Oh, yes Mamma, that is delightful. You know I love the schools, and pray for them, and subscribe to them too."

"But what would become of the schools if there were no teachers?"

"Then there would be no schools, *Mamma*."

"And there would be no teachers, *Harriet*, if all our ladies were brought up according to your plan. The little girl who, for the purpose of hemming a handkerchief, will not spare one hour from her selfish amusements, is not likely,

hen a woman, to devote her time and
nts to instruct others, in what she h
oises; neither will she be the person
e her own ease and comfort, much
danger her health and life for the sa
whom she never saw. The very
me, to which you think it would be
le to send all your work, would not
es were not found willing to take a
rouble, and make many sacrifices
efit."

Self-indulgence, Harriet, is a mise
raceful thing; and oh, how opposite
character of Him whose example
manded to follow! The blessed
sed not himself. 'He took upon
of a servant;' 'He went about doing
came 'not to be ministered unto, but
r;' and when appealed to on behalf of
vant, his reply was, 'I will come and
.' His apostles, while preaching the
king miracles, and surrounded by be
o would gladly have provided them
ngs, wrought, working with their own
t they should not be chargeable to any.

Harriet, can you think of the blessed Paul, in the midst of all his 'sufferings, persecutions, afflictions,' his 'labours abundant' in the ministry, his 'journeyings' 'in perils,' and 'hunger and cold,' and 'watchings'—can you think of him sitting down to earn his daily meal by making tents, and yet murmur at the gentle task which I give you, as a means to lead you to more valuable employments?"

Harriet began to feel very much ashamed of herself; indeed she had been for a long time quite miserable in her own mind. True peace never can abide with selfishness and idleness. "Mamma," she said, I will try to be diligent in whatever you desire me to do; and then I shall be happy."

"To make you happy, my dear, your diligence must spring from a right motive: from a desire of filling up the measure of your duties in your state of life so as best to perform the will of God, and to promote His glory, remembering that whether as a poor child, or, as you call yourself, a young lady, God calls you to be his humble, patient and faithful servant. You cannot know that He will spare you to a

as I
pare you
part is to ac
that diligence
commend, and
slothful spirit wh
both to body and s
"How I pity thos
finished their educat
selves in a state of i
the most laborious e
ing about the house
down to some trifl
over a silly book
among their neigh
into, because they
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ming tattlers t
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on should v
on loth v

very much ashamed of
been for a long tim
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nd then I shal
you to more valuab
le task which I fin
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of him dilig
ge and ill
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Prudy
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wise king Solomon's opinion on that subject. But, if we pity the idle girl, because she has no true comfort now, what exceeding grief ought we to feel for her, recollecting that of all these wasted hours, not one is forgotten before God! That duties omitted are sins committed—that her health, strength, senses, the use of her limbs, all her knowledge, and all her ability, are so many talents which she is hiding in a napkin, and every one of which must witness against her at the last day! They are like the vineyard described in the 5th chapter of Isaiah: "He fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine; and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a wine-press therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes;" fruit not worth the gathering—Oh, Harriet this is provoking the Lord!"

"Dear Mamma!" said Harriet, while tears stole from her eyes, "pray for me that I may not do thus, I have been more wicked than you can suppose; and the Lord has known all my naughty thoughts. But I will remember the love of Jesus Christ to poor children, and beg of

im to teach and to bless me, and to
the way I should go!"

Come, let us work, while here we stay,
Work while it is called to-day,
Before the closing night of death
Seals our eyes and check our breath.

Earth is not a home for rest,
So polluted and unblest;
Where the Lord reveals his face,
We'll find a better resting place.

While we lie with folded hands,
Satan all rejoicing stands.
Sloth would cast us into sleep,
Till on our slumbers death should creep.

Jesus toiled when here below,
And to Him for help we'll go.
Lord, appoint our task, that we,
When 'tis done, may rest with Thee.

THE

FORTUNE-TELLE

THE Gipsy woman* was dressed i
jac[illegible]t of dark blue cloth, the skirts
hu[illegible]ng down a little way over a pe
st[illegible]ange patchwork. Stuffs of all colour
have been used to mend and piece ou
to [illegible]ty, dark green that still remained. He
d[illegible]lack beaver, very much the worse for w
o[illegible] was tied under her chin with a re
i[illegible]andkerchief. Fastened to her back, in
[illegible] bag, she carried a little child, whose
[illegible]ack eyes shone out like jet from bene
[illegible]angled hair. Its face was dirty, even n
than its mother's, and so sun-burnt that it
ed never to have known the comfort of sh

* The Gipsies are a wandering people: they are
in various parts of England and Scotland: they a
their countenance, character, and habits, a distinct p

Besides her baby, the Gipsy woman carried a wallet slung over one shoulder, and hanging at her side; and a tattered apron was gathered up, and knotted into the piece of cord that served her for a belt. Altogether, there was something so remarkable in their appearance, that little Jessey, who was running before her Mamma, in the shady green lane, stopped to look with surprise at the Gipsy woman; and then, rather frightened by the bold look of her piercing eyes, she turned back, and ran to her Mamma, taking hold of her hand, and keeping close beside her.

The Gipsy passed them, making a low courtesy to the lady, but not speaking a word; and Jessey, looked round to observe the baby, for it had laughed and crowed when it saw her.

"I thought she had been a beggar-woman, Mamma," said Jessey, "but she did not ask for any thing. How black her eyes are, and the baby's too!"

"They are Gipsies, my dear," *said Mrs.* Howes, "and Gipsies do not *often* beg; but I am sorry to say that they often cheat, *and steal,* and do many other bad things."

"Where do they live, Mamma?"

"They are wanderers over the earth, having no settled home, Jessy. They are found in most countries, and are very nearly the same every where. It is not known exactly from whence they came; but they are generally supposed to be what their name expresses, Egyptians. It is foretold by the prophets that the mighty Egyptians should become the basest of all people; and that they should be scattered among all nations. We here see the threat of the Lord against them as exactly fulfilled as that against the Jews."

"Oh, Mamma!" exclaimed Jessy, "tell me more about them. I am so sorry for the Jews, because God loved them very much once, and now He is so very angry with them. It is a terrible thing to have God angry with us, Mamma!"

"A terrible thing indeed, my love! and you know the Bible says, 'God is angry with the wicked every day;' and all are wicked in God's sight who do not believe in his blessed Son, Jesus Christ, and pray continually to have their sins washed away in his most precious blood."

"Do the Gipsies believe in the Lord Jesus, Mamma?"

"Oh! no, my dear, they have no religion at all, even in name: they are the most ignorant and wretched people among us. Knowing nothing themselves, they cannot instruct their children; but they bring them up in idleness and vice, to lie and swear, steal and defraud, to impose on the charitable, and deceive the unwary. It is a great pity that some among us, who love to do good, do not take particular pains to find out and instruct those wretched outcasts of society. God would bless such a work: for He has commanded his servants to look even among the highways and hedges for sinners, who will be accepted if they come to Him, and admitted to sit down at his table."

Mrs. Howes and her little girl had by this time nearly reached the house, through a field which led to the back gate, and there, the first thing that they saw was the Gipsy, standing at the kitchen window, and two of the maid servants very busily talking to her. Seeing their mistress, however, they quickly ran away, and left the Gipsy to answer for herself.

She was a little confused at first, but her face soon became as bold as ever, and, in a fawning tone of voice, she said she was sure the good lady would not be offended at her having begged a little stale milk for her poor child, which was very thirsty.

Mrs. Howes asked if she had got any—no, she replied, the maid would not give it without leave.

Mrs. Howes called a boy who was at work, and ordered him to bring a bowl of fresh milk, of which the poor little baby drank heartily; and it was then filled again for the mother.

"And now," said Mrs. Howes, "whether you spoke truth in telling me that this draught of milk was what you asked of the maids, is known to your conscience. It is also known to God, whose eyes are in every place, who sees all that you do, hears all that you say, and knows all that you think. I hope you have not spoken falsely; for He will assuredly put the lying lip to silence; and I hope you came here with no wicked intention, for He knows the things that come into your mind, every one of them, and will punish the thought of a wicked heart."

The Gipsy said she would not for the w
a sinner. "You are one," replied the la
and so are all; but remember this—Je
Christ came into the world to save sinners; a
hough you should be the chief of them, l
both can and will save you, if you come to Hi
for pardon."

Mrs. Howes ordered the boy to see that th
Gipsy left the place, and then went to speak t
the servants, and to caution them against suffer
ing such people to loiter about the house.

When Jessy saw her sister Caroline and the young lady who was on a visit to them, she told all about the Gipsy, and described the poor little baby, as it was carried on its mother's back.

"'Tis the same woman," said Caroline to her friend. Her Mamma asked her what she meant, and Caroline replied that, when walking in the early part of the morning, she and Miss Wilkins had met this woman, who tried very hard to persuade them to have their fortunes told.

"And did you ask her to tell your fortune?" said Jessy.

"No, Jessy; I knew Mamma would not approve of it; and, therefore, I refused to listen to, or stay near her."

"And I was disappointed," said Miss Wilkins; 'for I have often wished to meet a *real* Gipsy, who could tell fortunes, and this seemed to be ne."

"Do you mean a real Gipsy or a real fortune-eller?" asked Mrs. Howes.

"Why both, Ma'am."

"I am surprised, my dear, to hear a young dy, so well instructed as you have been, speak if she believed a poor, ignorant creature like is capable of foretelling future events: a thing ich the wisest of men would not presume do."

'I do not exactly believe it, Ma'am. I want to find out if she could, and it might do m."

A very great deal of harm, my dear, t sin, as well as folly—a great injury rself and your fellow-creatures, and an ing great insult against God."

Let us hear all about it, if you please, M said Jessy, rubbing her little hands, and

ting herself on the sofa; for Jessy dearly loved to listen to her mother's instructions.

Miss Wilkins said, "I know that many reasonable people entirely disbelieve in these things; but does not the Bible tell us of them? The witch of Endor, for instance."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Howes; "and the Bible most positively forbids the holding of any communication with them. Witchcraft, as it existed in early times, was punished with death; and the Lord's most severe displeasure was denounced against such as sought unto those who had familiar spirits: so that, even if you can believe these wretched impostors in our days to possess any extraordinary power, you see it is a dreadful sin to listen to them."

"But suppose we do not at all believe it, Ma'am; and only amuse ourselves with their folly."

"Their folly, my dear, is very great sin; for it begins in a lie, and fearfully insults the Most High God—assuming either that He is not the sole and supreme Ruler of the world, or else that He cannot hide his designs and counsels from the impious worms of earth: or that He

is pleased to hold converse with, and to commu-
nicate the knowledge of his purposes to, the most
notoriously wicked and profane of persons—such
as lie under His wrath, and blaspheme him
daily with their lips and in their lives. And
this applies to all the idle methods practised by
superstitious people, to find out what shall occur
to them. It is terrible to jest with the fore-
knowledge of the omnipotent God."

"But, Ma'am," said Miss Wilkins, "I have
heard very extraordinary things, proving how
much these fortune-tellers know of the concerns
of people whom they never saw before."

"Very probable," answered Mrs. Howes;
"for without seeing them, they could learn from
servants and neighbours quite enough to enable
them to give a good guess at many particulars.
This Gipsy might have found out, with little
trouble, from my simple maid servants, as much
as might have enabled her to astonish us all
with her wonderful knowledge of past events,
and to gain attention to her pretended predic-
tions. By listening to her, and of course pay-
ing her for this information, we should at once
reward a lying lip, and encourage the unhappy

creature to farther deceits. If the slightest sup
position that she might be speaking truth en
tered our minds, we should be guilty of the si
of witchcraft. If we only amused ourselve
with her ignorant pretensions to utter proph
cies, we must be numbered among the 'fool
who 'make a mock at sin;' and such fools ar
held in abomination before God. Besides, if w
who are supposed to understand our duty, s
the example of listening to her for our ow
senseless diversion, servants and poor people wi
think themselves right in following it; and the
will do so with superstitious belief, regardin
her as one who has 'familiar spirits.' The
will also be persuaded to squander their earnin
in a way most ruinous to their own happines
for these artful people take care to foretel,
general, great riches and worldly honours
their hearers; and many a simple girl is led
them to leave the path of humble industry, a
fix her hopes on something which will nev
come to pass, but in the expectation of whi
she may fall into destruction.

"If you had held out your hand to that G
sey woman, my dear young friend, or listened

er deceitful language, you would have made ourself answerable before God for more sin han you can easily imagine. Every poor creature around us, who should have been robbed, eceived, or puffed up with proud and mischievous conceits by her, might justly accuse you of etting the example, and charge upon you the njury sustained, both here and hereafter."

"No one would have seen me," observed Miss Wilkins.

"Perhaps not; but would the woman have neglected to boast that a young person of education, and of the better class of society, had acknowledged her claims to witchcraft? She knows too well the force of example to let such a circumstance pass by untold. And even were it otherwise, how could you answer to God for the gross insult offered to his divine majesty and wisdom, in permitting a wretched creature like this to claim His awful attributes, and to boast of searching into those 'secret things which belong unto the Lord our God,' and to him alone? Reflect, my dear upon these solemn words, and judge whether, without dreadful sin, you could lend your ear to so blasphemous a deceiver."

"Mamma," said Caroline, "how does it happen that these people so often discover thefts and restore lost goods, by directing the losers where to find them?"

"I do not think that it occurs so frequently as you seem to imagine: but greater wonders are performed every day by the Police, and by the same means—active inquiry, carried on with secrecy and perseverance. Besides, it is too often found that the supposed witch is an accomplice in the theft; or has, by terrifying the superstitious mind of the suspected criminal, extorted a confession.

"'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,' my children; but commit yourselves wholly unto Him who is willing to make all things work together for good to you; and to bless your going out and your coming in from this time forth, even for evermore."

Take thou no thought, O child of dust,
For what to-morrow's dawn may bring;
But in the Lord thy Saviour trust,
And bide beneath his guardian wing.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Thy times are in His hand alone,
That hand which deals thy daily bread,
To him the coming hour is known,
That lay thee with the silent dead.

Would'st thou, a worm of earth, explore
His counsels, hid from angel eyes?
Indulge the impious wish no more,
Nor tempt thy God—"God only wise."

Enough, if through life's path to heaven,
He deign to guide thy devious way;
Enough, that grace and strength be given,
Sufficient for the passing day.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

NOTHING can be more simple or more com
n than the question, "Where are you going?
t, if rightly considered, it is a very startling
Dairy; and should excite much serious thought
him to whom it is addressed. Whatever
re immediate object he may have in view,
ther he be preparing for a long journey, or
tho ft excursion, walking into the garden, the
xt field, the next house, or the next room; or
whether we remain stationary, still one reply
may be rightly given by all—old and young,
rich and poor, all, without exception, can answer,
"I am going to the grave: from thence I am
going to judgment; and from the judgment-seat
I am going either to heaven or to hell."

"I see you are putting on your holyday

clothes, and by your looks I judge
have a great deal of pleasure in pros
where are you going?" "I am go
grave." How strange would such
sound in the ears of a thoughtless c
but is it not far more strange that it
rarley occur, seeing that it is the simp
vious truth? If a man was informe
immense property had been left to hi
met him travelling towards the spot, it
pear quite natural that he should ans
question with the joyful intelligence,
my way to take possession of a valuab
If you met a wretched criminal approa
place of execution, would not the m
reply be expected, "I am going to s
penalty of the laws which I have brok
either case, though some time and dista
many objects might intervene between e
these persons and the end of his journ
importance of the event in view would
them inconsiderable in his sight; and you
see nothing extraordinary in the replies a
above. Certainly the thoughts of each
be most intently fixed on that end: and li

Guest would be excited by any
the road, that did not refer to
Compare the anxiety of these
almost universal indifference th
among those around you, every
is really and certainly on his way
throne of glory, an eternal inheritan
ness, or to a state of everlasting misery
Ask them seriously—to which of
are you going?—and some will won
others will mock and jest, while the
perhaps, will courteously reply, that
they are going to heaven. And what
The habitation of God: the place
immediate presence irradiates the th
glory; where a great multitude, whi
could number, of all nations, and kin
people, and tongues, stand before
and before the Lamb, clothed with
and having palms in their hands
voice of many angels, even ten th
thousands of thousands, is conti
yielding glory, and praise, and th
the Lord God omnipotent; wher
song of happy spirits ascends

saying: "Thou wast slain, and has
us to God by thy blood." Heaven
which cannot be described to suit ou
understandings; for, "eye hath not s
heard, neither have entered into the h
the things that God hath prepared fo
love him." It is a place where the s
God, and *serve* him, and *love* him, as
do. Knowing as it is known, the glo
will be able to search into the deep
divine wisdom and knowledge: it wi
with the saints, the martyrs, the pr
apostles; with all the redeemed from
sinners of mankind, with all the angels
sinned, and with Jesus, the Lord of gl
it be that, in the midst of daily tra
defiled with a load of unremoved in
voted to the world, pampering the fle
captive by the devil; neglecting the
fling with prayer, seeking the praise o
indifferent to the glory of God; can
men will yet continue so utterly blin
own characters and prospects, as to
themselves that the stroke of death w

ate them to the employ
of heaven?
imagine myself walking
I meet a man journey
and with all his possess
a bundle, while the dus
increase the wretchednes
dress him, "my friend, w
t is to be the end of y
nts to a magnificent pala
o you see that fine ho
rounds, prepared for prince
ing to claim it for my ow
the end of my days." C
rely not, unless he advanc
his assertion. If he has
no satisfactory account to g
and if, in addition, I see hi
road that does not, canno
what must I think? I ad
appears to me that the path
ing will bring you to a very
seems to be a great and dan
and to that you are advan
true," he replies, "that, as

rod gold!

ain, and has redeemed
" Heaven is a place
to suit our darkened
hath not seen, nor ear
into the heart of man
pared for those that
re the soul shall ma
him, as the angels
the glorified spirit
eep treasure of
t will associate
prophets, and
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gels who never
of glory. The
lly transgression,
removed iniquity, the
mpering the flesh, and led
neglecting the Bible, the
king the praise of men, and
y of God; can it be that
so utterly blind to their
spects, as to persuade
f death will at once

a pit, and also that, if I do not arriv
lace, I must fall into it and perish
medy; but do not fear: I am on the
and sure of obtaining the inheritanc
proof can you give of it?" "I am no
acquainted with the matter to give y
proof; but, so long as I am satisfie
it signify to you? Do you think th
take care of my own interests?"

Pity for such delusion, and anx
fate of a fellow-creature hastening to
might induce me to detain him yet,
duce a map of the road, which clearly
the way which he was pursuing woul
minate as he expected; and also, th
which he must put in for the inhe
one, with the nature of which he was
unacquainted; but if he met my go
displeasure, rejected my assistance,
examine my map, and persisted in h
wards the mouth of the pit, what coul
than wonder at his perverseness, and
inevitable fate?

Now to drop this metaphor, and
plain language, we see many every d

travelling towards the grave, which must be the gate of eternal life or of eternal death, as ignorant, as obstinate, and as blindly confident as the character that I have been imagining. Such a man will appear busily making his way through life, gathering about him all that he thinks worth possessing, and with every mark of an ungodly world cleaving to him, like the dust of a public road. Ask such a man where he is going when this life is at an end—if he replies at all seriously, he will probably say, to heaven. You may object that such miserable and sinful beings can have far less claim to so rich an inheritance than a beggar has to an earthly throne; and require him to explain by what right he demands so great a prize: the answer will be vague and unsatisfactory—he believes there is a heaven—that it is a place of happiness: he desires to obtain it, when he quits the present scene—God is merciful, and will not refuse it. You know how vain such expectations are; and after reminding him that the Scriptures expressly declare the unrighteous shall not inherit that kingdom, you may take pains to show him that both in his heart and life are many things of a most un-

righteous description—many sins, o
wages is death, and therefore that
ing towards the heavenly country, t
road to perdition. To this we will
that he cannot contradict the truth
say, as to the just punishment of sin
lies on the mercy of God, whom he
as well as he can: and he trusts tha
ty will be accepted, and his transgr
doned. He is a sinner, he owns;
not? If none but perfect people ge
certainly none of his acquaintanc
there; and many much better than
likewise perish. He cannot think sc
a merciful Creator, he tells you;
means to repent of his sins, and to
he can, why should he doubt of goin
at the last?

But, you may say, he confesses hin
mankind to be sinners; he also allow
has threatened the severest punishme
and you ask him again what excuse
when called to account for every tra
What plea can he put in for the prize
glory when he acknowledges himself

of endless misery by having sinned? As to the condition of others, you remind him that has nothing to do with his case. Each must be judged alone, and we never heard of one criminal being pardoned because the calendar of offences was particularly heavy; neither can punishment be more tolerable to one guilty creature, because another, perhaps less wicked, suffers with him. How much less then shall the multitude of the condemned lessen the rage of the devouring flame, or appease the anguish of their everlasting burnings! Besides, your companion will not deny that perfection is inseparable from the divine character in all its parts. God is perfectly merciful, but then he is not less perfectly just, holy and true; and while his perfect justice demands the punishment of sin, and his perfect holiness makes it unspeakably hateful to him, his perfect truth is pledged to execute vengeance against it. A mercy such as the careless sinner expects, could only be exercised at the expense of other and equal perfections; which is impossible, because God would cease to be perfect. How, then, shall he dare to ask for heaven, while

defiled with the abominable thing
hates—sin?

To solve these difficulties is beyon
of the person to whom you talk: h
that these deep things belong to the
such as can make them their study—
part he shall not attempt to answer
tented to feel assured that he has do
bad enough to deserve hell; and, de
the mercy which he is taught to a
happiness, perhaps he will add, that
be a very good practical Christian
derstanding any thing of these doc
that while you go to heaven your w
you will let him proceed quietly in
doubting that both may be right,
though not travelling on the same
shall meet at the same joyful home a

From reasoning like this, you ap
law and to the testimony." The
pointing out one, and only one path o
the children of men—that one is
The law shows a number of strict
ments, and requiring a perfect fu
every one, says, "This do and ye s

But guilty, helpless man, has no power t
this,—no; not to keep one of the least of t
as God requires them to be kept; therefo
better covenant is given, even the testimon
our Lord Jesus Christ, who declares, "He
believeth on me hath everlasting life." We
required to obey the truth which he teach
and are told that the Lord Jesus "shall be
vealed from heaven with his mighty angels
flaming fire, taking vengeance on them t
know not God, and that obey not the Gospe
our Lord Jesus Christ." This "obedience of faith" is distinct from
works of the law. It is a believing in the
ficacy of that perfect obedience wrought out
our Lord Jesus Christ, to satisfy the holines
God, even as the Christ, the mighty sacrifice of Him
in our stead appeased the justice of God; su
the chastisement inflicted on Him, our truth of G
and representative, vindicated the indignation
by fulfilling the threats of divine indignation for
the sinless One, who was made "sin for
"that we might be made the righteousness
God in him." Great is the mystery of g
ness!" The mind of man is too dark to c

prehend, and the heart of man is to
ceive the impression of these truth
ledge of which can alone bring sa
work must be wrought in him b
Spirit, so great and so important a
the appellation of a new birth.
God expressly declares, a man cann
kingdom. For the Holy Spirit w
manded to ask, to seek, to knock, in
prayer; to wait, to watch, to study,
on the word of salvation. We are a
is but one road, however we may
selves with the hope of finding many
emphatic is the warning! "Enter y
strait gate; for wide is the gate, an
the way that leadeth to destruction,
there be which go in thereat: becau
the gate, and narrow is the way, wh
unto life, and few there be *that find it*.

Here is the stumbling block: it is m
much more agreeable to the *indolen*
carnal mind, to go on in the beaten
delude itself with shadowy hopes of e
life, while treading the way that leads
than to press through an entrance so s

exclude many things dear as a right eye; a
toil along a steep and rugged path, as the e
of our souls represents that to be, whic
Scripture describes as the way of pleasant
and the path of peace. Repelled by the na
ness of the road, and the few who have c
it, the sinner refuses to believe that it is the
way to heaven; and while, perhaps, he
the heavenly mansions in view, he is not, e
be approaching them, but hastens to the
that is gaping to swallow him up. He do
like to hear of such things as we have rec
because we refer him to the Bible, where h
be sure to find them set forth with every
mation, sealed with the immutable promis
oath of God, and leaving him without e
Then, he must either reject the Scriptur
acknowledge that he is in the way to destru
If he owns this, out of his own mouth
already condemned, unless he will come to
that he may have life. This coming to
includes a renunciation of self, and of the
and lays upon him a yoke and a burden
will not believe how glorious is the liberty
he would gain when self and the world we

off; now how light and easy are that
burden, that law of love, given in
condemning law to which he ignoran
He will neither take God's word, nor
assurance of those who have enterec
safe path; but clothes in imaginary
lovely form of Christianity, and per
to draw a veil over the consuming f
unappeased wrath of God. Probabl
in anger from your remonstrances, an
ate representations; or, at best, he
for a moment, and then driving the
theme from his thoughts, he hastens
the fatal path of error, to the issue of
the rejection, neglect, or abuse *of the* l
tures, may be traced whatsoever of fal
inconsistency and evil practices, is p
defile the professing Church of Chris
Catholic teachers, conscious that the
idolatrous system cannot endure the
searching light, withhold it altogether
deluded flocks: and to this we may sa
as a conclusive proof that their churc
away from the truth of the Gospel.
thus assert of Roman Catholics, as a

with too much justice be applied to a vast number of Protestants, in their individual character. Wherever the Bible is undervalued, there Christ rejected, and God mocked. Is it mockery the most insulting, practically to accuse Him of bestowing on his creatures as rich a gift?—of commanding them to throw aside and forgotten? Were the Lord Jesus again to descend from heaven, and audibly repeat to us the injunction, "Search the Scriptures," we should hardly presume to disobey. Yet we know with absolute certainty that He has addressed those words to others, and through them to us, confirming under the new dispensation the command given to Israel, "Lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes; and ye shall teach them to your children," &c. Deut. xi. 18—20.

It has been well remarked, that if reading the Bible does not compel a man to leave off sinning, sin will soon induce him to leave

reading the Bible. It is impossibl
one who really makes God's word
should rest satisfied in an evil way
the mere purusal of that holy Book
the natural heart, or divest sin of
character. There are some who
their duty to read, either alone or
milies, a portion of the Scriptures d
weekly, or at other periods; but
appear to make a personal applicati
is read to their own state, or reduce
its spiritual precepts. Such read eit
prayer for divine teaching, or they p
read, in mere formality; or else the
harden their hearts, and continue in
they know that grace abounds. Ot
really shape the course of their live
to the commandments which they
God will have fulfiled; but while
vast deal of merit in this limited obed
do not reflect that out of the heart pr
things which God hates, that pride is
fensive to Him, and that spiritual pri
others the most presumptuous: that
thought of foolishness is sin, and a du

ed is, in God's sight, a crime committed
people lay much stress in general on
tieth chapter of Exodus; but shrink
5th, 6th, and 7th of St. Matthew's G
from St. John's first Epistle. In all th
there is an error deep and fatal. They
the word of God, by promising thems
recompense for their outward observ
He has no where promised, otherwise
free gift bestowed through Christ,
sought by faith, not by works. T
from" His word, by overlooking thos
able declarations that represent Jesu
the sinner's only hope, the sole way
he may attain everlasting life. The
flourish as branches of the true V
being supplied by the root: they se
that such a homage as the heathen
idols, will satisfy Him who says, "
heart," and, having closed the boo
rience a similar false confidence.
would say, "Ye do err, not knowi
tures," and earnestly exhort them
wisdom which cometh from above
humbly asked, will doubtless be g

regard to those who read the Bible with a real understanding of its spiritual meaning, and yet allow themselves in sinful thoughts or practices, it is most certain that they cannot persevere in so doing without inflicting on themselves unspeakable anguish. How can they *bear to look* upon that which shows the glories *of the offered* inheritance, the horrors of the bottomless abyss; which points out with a clearness that cannot be misunderstood, the road leading to the former, and marks in characters of fire their every deviation into the innumerable crooked *paths whose* termination is in the latter? *Like the* voice of the Lord God in the garden, startling guilty Adam with the question, "Where art thou!" comes the secret and appalling inquiry, "Whither goest thou?" from every page of the Bible, and with it the fearful addition, "The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Reader,—"Where are you going?" Of this be assured, that you are not *standing still*; and if you shrink from looking *fixedly into the map* of God's word; if you study not to shape your course by it, and to become a diligent traveller on the way which it points out, you have need

emble: for the pit is before you, and is around: and once falling, you fall

Again, if, in seeking the heavenly e, you rest a hope, a thought, on any than the dying legacy of the Saviour, hased it with his precious blood, as o all who believe; if you prove not by to His laws your faith in Him, treading lessed steps of His most holy life ion that he has prepared, you may find hat a road can lie very near his kingdom, yet not lead to it. We are told of e Scriptures and warned by them: oled; Herod did many things gladly; ppa was almost persuaded to be a Christian; n Magus wss baptized, and followed tles. Therefore, be not highminded, but

That is not a saving faith, which does not uce good works: those works are utterly cted that do not spring from faith. The ob- the author, the finisher of our faith, is Jesus ist; who is the way, and the truth, and the

Look unto Him, and be saved: look to n with filial confidence, and receive him as set h to be the propitiation for your sins, and an

example of godly life as well as the root from whence you must derive all spiritual nourishment—all power to please God.

Reader, may it be thus with you! and you will have no cause to fear, though every rising morning and every closing night, mutely reminding you how rapid and irrevocable is the march of time, breathe to your soul the impressive question,—"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

THE END.

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